B. 47.

THE Scornful Lady: A COMEDY.

THE

Scornful Lady:

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

Written by { *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher.* } Gent.

The Tenth Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for J. T. and are to be Sold by *G. Harris* and *J. Graves*, in St. *James's-street*. *J. Barnes* in *Pall-Mall*. *D. Newman* in *Leicester-fields*. *J. Harding* in St. *Martin's-lane*. *W. Lewis*, and *T. Archer* in *Covent-Garden*. *B. Lintot* and *E. Sanger* at *Temple-Bar*. *J. Knapton* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*. *R. Smith* and *G. Strahan*, at the *Royal-Exchange*. Price one Shilling Six Pence.

26...772

THE PROLOGUE.

BY various Ways we ſtudy ſtill to pleaſe,
With Labour ſtrive what once we did with Eaſe:
And ſince the Writers of this Modern Age,
No more delight, nor draw you to the Stage;
Old Fletcher's *labour'd Scenes we now revive,*
Whoſe Wit and Humour ſhall Immortal live,
In his juſt Characters you ſtill may view,
How in your ſelves old Follies you renew.
How Vice does lord it, Modeſt Vertue ſtarves,
Ignorance rules, and patient Merit ſerves:
How Miſs endeavours to undo her Cully,
And then's both ſtript and ruin'd by her Bully:
How tricking Sharpers doe the Town ſurround,
Bubbles their Fathers ill-got Gold confound.
Parſons ne'er Practiſe what they daily Preach;
Not by Example, but by Precept teach:
No Pangs of Conſcience does the Lawyer dread,
But for his Fee will for both Parties plead:
But thoſe bold Truths to ſpeak, I ſhou'd forbear,
Since you your Vices will no longer hear;
From Satyr change to a more humble Strain,
Your Smiles to court, your Favours to obtain:
Let your Encouragement this Day be ſhown,
That with Succeſs our Labours we may crown.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Pinkethman*, mounted on an Aſs; a long Whig on the Aſs's Head.

YOU have ſeen (before now) ſince this ſhape ſhewing Age,
More Aſſes than mine, on a Beau-crouded *Stage.*
Wherefore, by th' example of fam'd Dogget, *my Brother,*
To ſhew our *Stage has Aſſes on't as well as t'other,*
Thus mounted I'm come, to invite ye oft hither,
To Beaumount *and* Fletcher *thus coupled together.*
My Fancy, his Judgment, my Perſon, his Face;
With the mighty Int'reſt he has in this Place,
For, indeed, as I'm told, (pray let me not wrong ye)
My Aſs has Relations, and great Ones among ye;
In the Galleries, Side-Boxes, on the Stage, in the Pit;
What's your Critick? *Your* Beau? *Your* Keeper? *Your* Wit?
Your fighting-Aſs is a Bully,
Your ſneaking-Aſs is a Cit,
Your keeping-Aſs is a Cully,
But your top, prime Aſs is your Wit.
They all fool Cit *of his Wife,*
He fools them all of their Pelf;
But your Wit's *ſo damn'd an Aſs,*
HE only fools himſelf!
Writing one Play a Year, for a Wit he'd paſs,
His lean Third Day makes out to him he's an Aſs.
Be'nt I an Aſs now, thus to mount my Brother?
But he that's pleas'd with it too, is not he another?

Since

EPILOGUE.

Since then ſo many Aſſes here *abound,*
Where an eternal Link of Wit *goes round,*
No Poet *ſure, will think it a Diſgrace,*
To be ally'd to this accompliſh'd Aſs,
For he's a Critick, *you may read it in his Face.*
As for his Courage, truly, I can't ſay much,
Yet he might ſerve for a Trooper among the Dutch :
Tho' of their ſide, I'm ſure, he'd never fight,
His paſſive Obedience ſhews I'm in the right :

[Whips the Aſs often, who, by reaſon of the innate Dulneſs of the Beaſt, never flinches for it.]

He's a Courtier fit to appear before the Queen ;
Advance Bucephalus, *view but his jaunty* Mein :
Ladies, I'm ſure, you like his ſpruce Behaviour,
I ne'er knew ought but Aſſes in your favour.
Fair Ones, at what I ſay take no Offence!
For——
When his Degree, *a* Lover *does commence,*
You coin an Aſs *out of a* Man of Senſe.
Your Beaus *that ſoften ſo your flinty Hearts,*
They all are Aſſes, Taylors make them Men of Parts.
Now, ſome have told me this might give Offence,
That Riding my Aſs thus, is Riding th' Audience ;
But what of that ? The Brother Rides the Brother ;
The Son the Father ; we all Ride one another :
Then for a Jeſt, for this time let it paſs,
And he that takes it ill, may kiſs my Aſs.

Dra.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Elder Loveleſs, a Suitor to the Lady.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Young Loveleſs, a Prodigal.	Mr. *Mills.*
Savil, Steward to the *Elder Loveleſs*.	Mr. *Dogget.*
Lady, and *Martha*. (Two Siſters.)	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
	Mrs. *Bicknell.*
Abigail, a Waiting-Gentlewoman.	Mrs. *Willis.*
Welford, a Suitor to the Lady.	Mr. *Booth.*
Sir *Roger*, a Curate to the Lady.	Mr. *Cibber.*
A *Captain.*	Mr. *Croſs.*
A *Traveller.* (Hangers on to *Young Loveleſs*.)	Mr. *Carnaby.*
A *Poet.* (Hangers on to *Young Loveleſs*.)	Mr. *Norris.*
A *Tobacco-Man.* (Hangers on to *Young Loveleſs*.)	Mr. ——
Wenches.	
Fidlers.	
Morecraft, an Uſurer.	Mr. *Bullock.*
A Rich Widow.	Mrs. *Cox.*
Attendants.	

THE

THE

Scornful Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Loveleſſes, Savil *the Steward, and a* Page.

Elder Lov. BRother, is your laſt Hope paſt to mollifie *Morecraft*'s Heart about your Mortgage?

Young Lov. Hopeleſly paſt: I have preſented the Uſurer with a richer Draught than ever *Cleopatra* ſwallowed; he has ſuck'd in ten thouſand Pounds worth of my Land, more than he paid for, at a gulp, without Trumpets.

El. Lov. I have as hard a Task to perform in this Houſe.

Yo. Lov. 'Faith mine was to make an Uſurer honeſt, or to loſe my Land.

El. Lov. And mine is to perſuade a paſſionate Woman, or to leave the Land. Make the Boat ſtay, I fear I ſhall begin my unfortunate Journey to Night, tho' the Darkneſs of the Night, and the Roughneſs of the Waters, might eaſily diſſuade an unwilling Man.

Savil. Sir, your Father's old Friends hold it the ſounder Courſe for your Body and Eſtate, to ſtay at home, marry, and propagate, and govern in your Country, than to travel and die without Iſſue.

El. Lov. Savil, You ſhall gain the Opinion of a better Servant, in ſeeking to execute, not alter my Will, howſoever my Intents ſucceed.

Yo. Lov. Yonder's Miſtreſs *Abigail*, Brother, the grave Rubber of your Miſtreſs's Toes.

Enter Miſtreſs Abigail *the Waiting-woman.*

El. Lov. Miſtreſs *Abigail.*

Abi. Maſter *Loveleſs*, truly we thought your Sails had been hoiſted; my Miſtreſs is perſuaded you are Sea-ſick e're this.

El. Lov. Loves ſhe her ill taken up Reſolution ſo dearly? Didſt thou move her for me?

Abig. By this Light that ſhines, there's no removing her, if ſhe get a ſtiff Opinion by the end. I attempted her to Day, when they ſay a Woman can deny nothing.

El. Lov. What Critical Minute is that?

Abig. When her Smock was over her Ears; but ſhe was no more pliant than if it hung about her Heels.

El. Lov. I prithee deliver my Service, and ſay, I deſire to ſee the dear Cauſe of my Baniſhment, and then for *France.*

Abig. I'll do it. Hark hither, is that your Brother?

El Lov. Yes, have you loſt your Memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty Fellow. [*Exit.*

To. Lov. O this is a ſweet *Brache.*

El. Lov. Why ſhe knows not you.

Tou. Lov. No, but ſhe offer'd me once to know her; to this Day ſhe loves Youth of Eighteen; ſhe heard a Tale how *Cupid* ſtruck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never ſaw her; yet ſhe in Kindneſs would needs wear a Willow-Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players, in the laſt Queen's time, once over: She was ſtruck when they acted Lovers, and forſook ſome when they played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the Servants ſay ſhe hoards old Gold; and ſhe her ſelf pronounces angerly, that either the Farmer's eldeſt Son, or her Miſtreſs's Husband's Clerk ſhall be the Man that marries her, and ſhall make her a Joynture of Fourſcoure Pounds a Year. She tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lov. Enough, I know her Brother. I ſhall entreat you only to ſalute my Miſtreſs, and take leave; we'll part at the Stairs.

Enter Lady and Waiting-woman.

La. Now, Sir, this firſt part of your Will is performed; what's the reſt?

El. Lov. Firſt, let me beg your Notice for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I ſhall take it as a Favour done to me; tho' the Gentleman hath received but an untimely Grace from you, yet my charitable Diſpoſition would have been ready to have done him freer Courteſies as a Stranger, than upon thoſe cold Commendations. *To.*

Yo. Lov. Lady, my Salutations crave Acquaintance, and leave at once.

La. Sir, I hope you are Maſter of your own Occaſions.

[*Ex.* Young Lo. Savil.

El. Lo. Would I were ſo. Madam, for me to praiſe over again that Worth which all the World, and you your ſelf can ſee.

La. It's a cold Room, this, Servant.

El. Lov. Madam.

La. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't built here?

El. Lov. Madam, another in my Place that were not tied to believe all your Actions juſt, would apprehend himſelf wrong'd: But I whoſe Virtues are Conſtancy and Obedience.

La. Abigail, make a good Fire above to warm me, after my Servants *Exordiums*.

El. Lo. I have heard and ſeen your Affability to be ſuch, that the Servants you give Wages to, may ſpeak.

La. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they ſpeak to th' purpoſe.

El. Lo. Madam, your Will leads my Speeches from the Purpoſe. But as a Man———

La. A Simile, Servant! This Room was built for Honeſt-meaners, that deliver themſelves haſtily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a Time or Place for *Exordiums*, and *Similes*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to ſay, break into't: My Anſwers ſhall very reaſonably meet you.

El. Lov. Madam, I came to ſee you.

La. That's happily diſpatch'd; the next.

El. Lo. To take leave of you.

La. To be gone?

El. Lov. Yes.

La. You need not have deſpair'd of that, nor have us'd ſo many Circumſtances to win me to give you leave to perform my Command. Is there a third?

El. Lo. I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lo. I? never apter. Faſt, good Servant, faſt.

E. Lo. 'Twas to entreat you to hear Reaſon.

La. Moſt willingly; have you brought one that can ſpeak it?

El. Lo. Laſtly, it is to kindle in that Barren Heart Love and Forgiveneſs.

La. You would ſtay at home?

El. Lo. Yes, Lady.

La. Why you may, and doubtleſs will, when you have debated,

that your Commander is but your Miſtreſs, a Woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with Paſſions; but the thing by her commanded, is to ſee *Dover*'s dreadful Cliff, paſſing in a poor Waterhouſe, the Dangers of the mercileſs Channel 'twixt that and *Calais*, five long Hours Sail, with three poor Weeks Victuals.

El. Lo. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an *Engliſh* Hoſt, to remove from City to City, by moſt chargeable Poſt-horſe, like one that rode in queſt of his Mother-Tongue.

El. Lov. You wrong me much.

La. And all theſe (almoſt invincible Labours) performed for your Miſtreſs; to be in danger to forſake her, and put on new Allegiance to ſome *French* Lady, who is content to change Language with your Laughter; and after your whole Year ſpent in Tennis and broken Speech, to ſtand to the Hazard of being laught at, at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lov. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El. Lo. You know your leaſt Word is of Force to make me ſeek out Dangers; move me not with Toys; but in this Baniſhment I muſt take leave to ſay you are unjuſt; was one Kiſs forc'd from you in Publick, by me, ſo unpardonable? Why all the Hours of Day and Night have ſeen us kiſs.

La. 'Tis true, and ſo you told the Company that heard me chide.

El. Lov. Your own Eyes were not dearer to you than I.

La. And ſo you told 'em.

El. Lo. I did, yet no ſign of Diſgrace need to have ſtain'd your Cheeks; you your ſelf knew your pure and ſimple Heart to be moſt unſpotted, and free from the leaſt Baſeneſs.

La. I did; but if a Maid's Heart doth but once think that ſhe is ſuſpected, her own Face will write her guilty.

El. Lo. But where lay this Diſgrace? The World that knew us, knew our Reſolutions well; and could it be hop'd, that I ſhould give away my Freedom, and venture a perpetual Bondage with one I never kiſt? or could I in ſtrict Wiſdom take too much Love upon me, from her that choſe me for her Husband?

La. Believe me. if my Wedding-Smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licenſe come;
Were the Roſemary-Branches dipt, and all
The Hippocraſs and Cakes eat and drunk off;
Were theſe two Arms encompaſs'd with the Hands

Of

Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church:
Were my Feet in the Door; were I *John*, ſaid,
If *John* ſhould boaſt a Favour done by me,
I would not wed that Year: And you I hope,
When you have ſpent this Year commodiouſly,
In atchieving Languages, will at your Return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine Eyes,
Than ſuch a Friend: More Talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

El. Lo. I dare, you know. Firſt let me kiſs.

La. Farewel, ſweet Servant; your Task performed,
On a new Ground, as a beginning Suitor,
I ſhall be apt to hear you.

El. Lo. Farewel, cruel Miſtreſs. [*Exit* Lady.

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savill.

Yo. Lo. Brother, you'll hazard the loſing your Tide to *Graveſend*; you have a long half Mile by Land to *Greenwich*.

El. Lov. I go; but Brother, what yet unheard-of Courſe to live doth your Imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary Means are devour'd.

Yo. Lo. Courſe, why Horſe-courſing I think; conſume no time in this; I have no Eſtate to be mended by Meditation; he that buſies himſelf about my Fortunes, may properly be ſaid to buſie himſelf about nothing.

El. Lo. Yet ſome Courſe you muſt take: which for my Satisfaction reſolve and open: If you will ſhape none, I muſt inform you: That Man perſuades not himſelf he means to live, that imagines not the Means.

Yo. Lo. Why I'll live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

El. Lo. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and conſequently diſpos'd of 'em; and the ſame Meaſure muſt you expect from your Maintainers, which will be too heavy an Alteration for you to bear.

Yo. Lo. Why, I'll Purſe; if that raiſe me not, I'll bet at Bowling-Allies, or Man Whores, I would fain live by others; but I'll live whilſt I am unhang'd, and after the Thoughts taken.

El. Lo. I ſee you are ty'd to no particular Employment then.

Yo. Lo. Faith I may chuſe my Courſe; the ſay Nature brings forth none, but ſhe provides for them; I'll try her Liberality.

El. Lo. Well, to keep your Feet out of baſe and dangerous Paths, I have reſolved you ſhall live as Maſter of my Houſe. It ſhall be your Care,

Care, *Savil*, to ſee him fed and cloathed, not according to his preſent Eſtate, but to his Birth and former Fortunes.

Yo. Lo. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation Jerſey Stockings, blue Devil's Breeches, with the Guards down, and my Pocket i'th Sleeves; I'll ne'er look you in the Face again.

Sav. A comlier Wear I wiſs it is, than thoſe dangling Slops.

El. Lov. To keep you ready to do him all Service peaceably, and him to command you reaſonably, I leave theſe farther Directions in Writing, which at your beſt Leiſure together open and read.

Enter Abigail *to them with a Jewel.*

Abig. Sir, my Miſtreſs commends her Love to you in this Token, and theſe Words; it is a Jewel (ſhe ſays) which as a Favour from her, ſhe would requeſt you to wear till your Year's Travel be performed; which once expired, ſhe will happily expect your happy Return.

El. Lo. Return my Service with ſuch Thanks, as ſhe may imagine the Heart of a ſuddenly over-joy'd Man would willingly utter; and you, I hope, I ſhall, with ſlender Arguments, perſuade to wear this Diamond; that when my Miſtreſs, ſhall, thro' my long Abſence, and the approach of new Suitors, offer to forget me, you may caſt your Eye down to your Finger, and remember, and ſpeak of me. She will hear thee better than thoſe allied by Birth to her; as we ſee many Men much ſwayed by the Grooms of their Chambers; not that they have a greater part of their Love or Opinion of them, than others; but for that they know their Secrets.

Abig. A my Credit, I ſwear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Suitors.

El. Lo. I ſhall not need to teach you how to diſcredit their beginning, you know how to take Exception at their Shirts at waſhing, or to make the Maids ſwear, they found Plaiſters in their Bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Suitors.

El. Lov. Farewel, be mindful, and be happy; the Night calls me. [*Exeunt omnes præter* Abigail.

Abig. The Gods of the Winds befriend you, Sir, a conſtant and liberal Lover thou art, more ſuch, God ſend us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let 'em not ſtand ſtill, we have rid.

Abig. A Suitor I know by his riding hard; I'll not be ſeen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would look freſhly.

Abig. You have deliver'd your Errand to me then; there's no Danger

Danger in a handſome young Fellow: I'll ſhew my ſelf

Wel. Lady, may it pleaſe you to beſtow upon a Stranger the ordinary Grace of Salutation. Are you the Lady of this Houſe?

Abig. Sir, I am worthily proud to be a Servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I ſhould be as proud to be a Servant of yours, did not my ſo late Acquaintance make me deſpair.

Abig. Sir, it is not ſo hard to atchieve, but Nature may bring it about.

Wel. For theſe comfortable Words I remain your glad Debtor. Is your Lady at home?

Abig. She is no Stragler, Sir.

Wel. May her Occaſions admit me to ſpeak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Suitor, No.

Wel. I know your affable Virtue will be moved to perſuade her, that a Gentleman benighted and ſtrayed, offers to be bound to her for a Night's Lodging.

Abig. I will commend this Meſſage to her; but if you aim her Body, you will be deluded; other Women of the Houſhold's of as good Carriage and Government; upon any of which, if you can caſt your Affection, they will, perhaps, be found as Faithful, tho' not ſo Coy. [*Exit* Abigail.

Wel. What a Skin full of Luſt is this? I thought I had come a Wooing, and I am the courted Party. This is right Court Faſhion! Men, Women, and all Woo, catch that catch may. If this ſoft Hearted Woman have infuſed any of her Tenderneſs into her Lady, there is Hope ſhe will be pliant. But who's here.

Enter Sir Roger *the Curate.*

Rog. God ſave you Sir, my Lady lets you know, ſhe deſires to be acquainted with your Name, before ſhe confer with you.

Wel. Sir, my Name calls me *Welford.*

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good Name. I'll try his Wit.

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Anceſtors had this two Hundred Years, Sir.

Rog. I knew a worſhipful and religious Gentleman of your Name in the Biſhoprick of *Durham.* Call'd you him Couſin?

Wel. I am only allied to his Virtues, Sir.

Rog. It is modeſtly ſaid: I ſhould carry the Badge of your Chriſtianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Croſs? there's a Teſter.

Rog. I mean the Name which your God-fathers and God-mothers gave you at the Font.

Wel.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*; but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechiſm, for you have told me who gave me that Name. Shall I beg your Name?

Rog. Roger.

Wel. What Room fill you in this Houſe?

Rog. More Rooms than one.

Wel. The more the merrier; But may my Boldneſs know why your Lady hath ſent you to decipher my Name?

Rog. Her own Words are theſe: To know whether you were a formerly denied Suitor, diſguiſed in this Meſſage: for I can aſſure you, ſhe delights not in *Thalamo*: *Hymen* and ſhe are at Variance. I ſhall return with much Haſte. [*Exit* Roger.

Wel. And much Speed, Sir, I hope; certainly I am arriv'd amongſt a Nation of New-found Fools, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted Wit; if I had foreſeen it, I would have laded my Breeches with Bells, Knives, Copper, and Glaſſes, to trade with Women for their Virginities; yet I fear I ſhould have betrayed my ſelf to needleſs Charge then. Here comes the walking Night-cap again.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, my Lady's Pleaſure is to ſee you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her Sorrow, that you muſt take the Pains to come up for ſo bad Entertainment.

Wel. I ſhall obey your Lady that ſent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Maſter.

Rog. I am but a Batchelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this Roof, from my Lady on her Down-Bed, to the Maid in the Pea-ſtraw.

Wel. A Cobler, Sir?

Rog. No, Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within theſe Walls.

Wel. But the Inhabitants of this Houſe do often employ you on Errands, without any Scruple of Conſcience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the Air many Mornings on Foot, three or four Miles for Eggs; but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your Function to bid my Man neglect his Horſe a little to attend on me.

Rog. Moſt properly, Sir.

Wel. I pray you do ſo then, and whilſt I will attend your Lady. You direct this Houſe in the true Way.

Rog. I do, Sir.

Wel. And this Door, I hope, conducts to your Lady?

Rog.

Rog. Your Underſtanding is ingenious. [*Ex. ſeverally*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savil *with a Writing.*

Sav. By your Favour, Sir, you ſhall pardon me.

Yo. Lo. I ſhall not bear your Favour, Sir, croſs me no more; I ſay they ſhall come.

Sa. Sir, you forget who I am?

Yo. Lo. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brother's Steward, his caſt-off Mill-money, his Kitchen-Arithmetick.

Sa. Sir, I hope you will not make ſo little of me?

Yo. Lo. I make thee not ſo little as thou art; for indeed there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reaſonable *Item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sa. Nay, then you ſtir my Duty, and I muſt tell you ——

Yo. Lo. What wouldſt thou tell me, how Hops grow? Or hold ſome rotten Diſcourſe of Sheep, or when our *Lady-day* falls? Prithee farewel, and entertain my Friends; be drunk, and burn thy Table-books; and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I——

Sa. Good Sir, remember.

Yo. Lo. I do remember thee a fooliſh Fellow, one that did put his Truſt in Almanacks and Horſe-Fairs, and roſe by Honey and Pot-Butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sa. Nay, then I muſt unfold your Brother's Pleaſure; theſe be the Leſſons, Sir, he left behind him.

Yo. Lo. 'Prithee expound the firſt.

Sa. I leave to keep my Houſe, three hundred Pounds a Year, and my Brother to diſpoſe of it.

Yo. Lo. Mark that, my wicked Steward, and I diſpoſe of it.

Sa. Whilſt he bears himſelf like a Gentleman, and my Credit falls not in him. Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

Yo. Lo. Nay, if it be no more, I ſhall fulfil it; whilſt my Legs will carry me, I'll bear my ſelf like a Gentleman; but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward, dear Steward.

Sa. Next it is my Will, that he be furniſh'd (as my Brother) with Attendance, Apparel, and the Obedience of my People.

Yo. Lo. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your Wiſdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or—— you underſtand me, Sir? Proceed.

Sa. Yet, that my Steward keep his Place, and Power, and bound my Brother's Wildneſs with his Care.

Yo. Lo. I'll hear no more, this is *Apocrypha*; bind it by it ſelf, Steward.

Sa. This is your Brother's Will; and as I take it, he makes no mention of ſuch Company as you would draw unto you, Captains of Galley-foyſts, ſuch as in a clear Day have ſeen *Calis*; Fellows, that have no more of Heaven, than thir Oaths come to; they wear Swords to reach Fire at a Play, and get there the oyl'd end of a Pipe for their Guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment, are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that ſet up with one Ounce, and break for three; together with a Forlorn-hope of Poets: And all theſe look like *Carthuſians*; things without Linen. Are theſe fit Company for my Maſter's Brother?

Yo. Lo. I will either convert thee, O thou Pagan Steward, or preſently confound thee and thy Reckonings. Who's there? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sa. Good Sir.

Yo. Lo. Nay, you ſhall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sa. Are you my Maſter's Brother?

Yo. Lo. Are you the ſage Maſter Steward, with a Face like an old *Ephemerides*?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Sa. Then Heav'n help all, I ſay.

Yo. Lo. I, and 'tis well ſaid, my old Peer of *France*; welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen; mine own dear Lads y're richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Capt. Sir, I will take your Love.

Sa. Sir, you will take my Purſe.

Capt. And ſtudy to continue it.

Sa. I do believe you.

Travel. Your honourable Friend and Maſter's Brother hath given you to us, for a very worthy Fellow, and ſo we hug you, Sir.

Sa. Has given himſelf into the Hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are theſe the Pieces?

Yo. Lo. They are the Morals of the Age, the Virtues; Men made of Gold.

Sa. Of your Gold, you mean, Sir.

Yo. Lo. This is a Man of War, and crys, go on, and wears his Colours.

Sa. In's Noſe.

Yo. Lo. In the fragrant Field. This is a Traveller, Sir, knows Men and Manners; and has plow'd up the Sea ſo far, till both the Poles have knock'd; has ſeen the Sun take Coach, and can diſtinguiſh

guiſh the colour of his Horſes, and their Kinds, and has had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sa. 'Tis much.

Tra. I have ſeen more, Sir.

Sa. 'Tis enough a Conſcience; ſit down and reſt you, you are at the end of the World already. Would you had as good a Living, Sir, as this Fellow could lie you out of, he has a noble Gift in't.

Yo. Lo. This miniſters the Smoak, and this the Muſes.

Sa. And you the Cloaths, and Meat and Money; you have a goodly Generation of 'em, pray let them multiply, your Brother's Houſe is big enough, and to ſay Truth, has too much Land, hang it, Dirt.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art a loving Stinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-Books, thou haſt a weak Brain, *Savil*, run mad. Gentleman, you are once more welcome to three hundred Pounds a Year: we will be freely merry, ſhall we not?

Capt. Merry as Mirth and Wine, my lovely *Loveleſs*.

Poet. A ſerious Look ſhall be a Jury to excommunicate any Man from our Company.

Tra. We will not talk wiſely neither.

Yo. Lo. What think you, Gentlemen, by all this Revenue in Drink?

Capt. I am all for Drink.

Tra. I am dry till it be ſo.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live Sober, ſeem Wiſe, and die o'th *Corum*.

Yo. Lo. It ſhall be ſo, we'll have it all in Drink, let Meat and Lodging go, th' are tranſitory, and ſhew Men meerly Mortal; then we'll have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every Week a freſh one; we'll keep no powder'd Fleſh; all theſe we have by Warrant, under the Title of Things Neceſſary. Here, upon this Place I ground it; the Obedience of my People, and all Neceſſaries. Your Opinions, Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sa. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as ſound Men as your ſelf, Sir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the Interpretation of it; in this Word [*Neceſſary*] is concluded, all that be Helps to Man; Woman was made the firſt, and therefore here the chiefeſt.

Yo. Lo. Believe me, 'tis a learned one; and by theſe Words, [*The Obedience of my People*] you Steward being one, are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is.

To. Lo. Steward, attend us for Inſtructions.

Sa. But will you keep no Houſe, Sir?

To. Lo. Nothing but Drink, Sir; three Hundred Pounds in Drink.

Sa. O miſerable Houſe, and miſerable I that live to ſee it! Good Sir, keep ſome Meat.

To. Lo. Get us good Whores; and for your part, *Savil*, I'll board you in an Alehouſe, and you ſhall have Cheeſe and Onions.

Sa. What ſhall become of me! no Chimney ſmoaking! Well Prodigal, your Brother will come home. [*Exit.*

To. Lo. Come Lads, I'll warrant you for Wenches; three Hundred Pounds in Drink

Omnes. O brave *Loveleſs*! [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lady, *her Siſter* Martha, Welford, Abigail, *and* Roger.

Lady. SIR, now you ſee your bad Lodging, I muſt bid you Good-night.

Wel. If there be any Want, 'tis in want of you.

La. A little Sleep will eaſe that Complaint. Once more Good-night.

Wel. Once more, dear Lady, and then all ſweet Nights,

La. Dear Sir, be ſhort and ſweet then.

Wel. Shall the Morrow prove better to me? Shall I hope my Suit happier by this Night's Reſt?

La. Is your Suit ſo ſickly, that Reſt will help it? Pray ye let it reſt then till I call for it. Sir, as a Stranger you have had all my Welcome; but had I known your Errand e're you came, your Paſſage had been ſtraiter. Sir, Good-night.

[*Exit* Lady, Martha, Abigail.

Wel. So Fair and Cruel! Dear unkind, Good-night. Nay Sir, you ſhall ſtay with me, I'll preſs your Zeal ſo far.

Rog. O Lord, Sir!

Wel.

Wel. Do you love Tobacco?

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your Reverence I'll be bold.

Wel. Pray light it, Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promiſe you, it is notable ſtinging Geer indeed; it is wet, Sir, Lord how it brings down Rheum.

Wel. Handle it again, Sir, you have a warm Text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promiſed for it; I promiſe you it is very Powerful, and by a Trope Spiritual, for certainly it moves in ſundry Places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me eſpecially to ask Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Aſſuredly I will ſpeak the Truth unto you; you ſhall underſtand Sir, that my Head is broken, and by whom, even by that viſible Beaſt the Butler.

Wel. The Butler! certainly he had all his Drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Caſſock! The Offence, Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip, Sir, for Swearing; you have the Total ſurely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his Rage was ſet a tilt, and ſo he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But ſhall we ſee theſe Gentlewomen to Night?

Rog. Have Patience, Sir, until our Fellow *Nicholas* be deceas'd, that is, aſleep, for ſo the Word is taken; to ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep; a very Figure, Sir.

Wel. Cannot you caſt another for the Gentlewoman?

Rog. Not till the Man be in his Bed, his Grave; his Grave, his Bed; the very ſame again, Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the Reaſon ſweetly, *Plenus rimarum eſt* he is full of Loop-holes, and will diſcover to our Patroneſs.

Wel. Your Comment, Sir, hath made me underſtand you.

Enter Martha *the Lady's Siſter, and* Abigail *to them with a Poſſet.*

Rog. Sir, be addreſt; the Graces do ſalute you with a full Bowl of Plenty. Is our old Enemy entomb'd?

Abig. He's ſafe.

Rog. And does he ſnoar out ſupinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he outſnoars the Poet.

Wel. Madam, this Courtiſie ſhall bind a Stranger to you, ever your Servant.

Mar. Sir, my Siſter's Strictneſs makes not us forget you are a Stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In

Abig. In ſooth, Sir, were I changed into my Lady, a Gentleman ſo well endued with Parts, ſhould not be loſt.

Wel. I thank you Gentlewoman, and reſt bound to you. See how this foul Familiar chews the Cud: from thee and three and Fifty, good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you ſit down and take a Spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly, Lady.

Mar. It is our beſt Banquet, Sir.

Rog. Shall we give Thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewoman already, Sir.

Mar. Good Sir *Roger*, keep that Breath to cool your part o'th Poſſet, you may have chance have a ſcalding Zeal elſe; and you would needs be doing, pray tell your Twenty to your ſelf; would you could like this, Sir.

Wel. I would your Siſter would like me as well, Lady.

Mar. Sure, Sir, ſhe would not eat you: But baniſh that Imagination. She's only wedded to her ſelf; lies with her ſelf, and loves her ſelf; and for another Husband than her ſelf, he may knock at the Gate, but n'er come in. Be wiſe, Sir, ſhe's a Woman, and a Trouble, and has her many Faults, the leaſt of which is, ſhe cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, ſhe'll do worſe; would I were worthy his leaſt Grief, Miſtreſs *Martha.*

Wel. Now I muſt over-hear her.

Mar. 'Faith wouldſt thou had 'em all withal my Heart; I do not think they would make thee a Day older.

Abig. Sir, will you put in deeper, 'tis the ſweeter.

Mar. Well ſaid old Sayings.

Wel. She looks like one. Gentlewoman, you keep your Word, your ſweet ſelf has made the Bottom ſweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a Frolick, dare you change, Sir?

Wel. My ſelf for you, ſo pleaſe you. That Smile hath turn'd my Stomach. This is right the old Emblem of the Moyl cropping the Thiſtles: Lord what, a Hunting-Head ſhe carries! Sure ſhe has been ridden with a Martingale. Now Love deliver me!

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? ſurely I know not! Am I rubb'd off? Is this the way of all my Morning-Prayers? Oh *Roger!* thou art but Graſs, Woman as a Flower. Did I for this conſume my Quarters in Meditations, Vows, and wooed her in Heroic Epiſtles? Did I expound the Owl, and undertoook with Labour and Experience, the Collection of thoſe thouſand Pieces conſum'd in Cellars

Cellars and Tobacco Shops of that our honoured *Engliſhman N. B?* Have I done this? And am I done thus to? I will end with the wiſe Man, and ſay, He that holds a Woman, has an Eel by the Tail.

Mar. Sir, 'tis ſo late, and our Entertainment (meaning our Poſſet) by this, is grown ſo cold, that 'twere an unmannerly Part longer to hold you from your Reſt; let what the Houſe has, be at at your Command, Sir.

Wel. Sweet Reſt be with you, Lady; and to you what you deſire too.

Abig. It ſhould be ſome ſuch good thing like your ſelf then.

Wel. Heaven keep me from that Curſe, and all my Iſſue. Good night Antiqnity. [*Exeunt.*

Rog. Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris. But I alone.

Wel. Learned Sir, will you bid my Man come to me? And requeſting a greater meaſure of your Learning, Good night good Maſter *Roger.*

Rog. Good Sir, Peace be with you. [*Exit* Roger.

Wel. Adieu dear *Domine.* Half a dozen ſuch in a Kingdom would make a Man forſwear Confeſſion; for who that had but half his Wits about him, would commit the the Counſel of a ſerious Sin, to ſuch a cruel Night-cap? [*Exit*

Why how now, ſhall we have an Antick? *Enter Ser.*
Whoſe head do you carry upon your Shoulders, that you jole it ſo againſt the Poſt? It's for your eaſe? Or have you ſeen the Cellar; Where are my Slippers, Sir.

Ser. Here Sir.

Wel. Where Sir? Have you got the Pot-vertigo? Have you ſeen the Horſes, Sir?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Wel. Have they any Meat?

Ser. Faith Sir, they have a kind of wholſome Ruſhes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel. And no Provender?

Ser. Sir, ſo I take it.

Wel. You are merry Sir, and why ſo?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, here are no Oats to be got, unleſs you'll have 'um in Porridge, the People are ſo mainly given to Spoon-meat; yonder's a caſt of Coach-mares of the Gentlewoman's, the ſtrangeſt Cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser.

Ser. Why, they are tranſparent, Sir, you may ſee through them; and ſuch a Houſe.

Wel. Come Sir, the Truth of your diſcovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in Tribes like *Jews*; the Kitchen and the Dairy make one Tribe, and have their Faction and Fornication within themſelves: The Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love loſt: The Chambers are intire; and what's done there, is ſomewhat higher than my knowledge: but this I am ſure, between theſe Copulations a Stranger is kept virtuous, that is faſting. But of all this, the Drink Sir,

Wel. What of that Sir?

Ser. 'Faith Sir, I will handle it as the time and your Patience will give me leave. This Drink, or this cooling Julip, of which three Spoonfuls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold Palſie,

Wel. Sir, you be-lie the Houſe.

Ser. I would I did Sir. But as I am a true Man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Aſſes Hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't Sir; for if it had proved ſtronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of theſe Commendations. Light me the Candle, Sir, I'll hear no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and his Comrades, with Wenches.*

Yo. Lo. Come my brave Man of War, trace out thy Darling.
And you my Learned Counſel, ſet and turn Boys:
Kiſs till the Cow com home; kiſs cloſe, kiſs cloſe Knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou ſhalt kiſs in Couplets. [*Enter with Wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping,
This is no Pay for Fidlers.

Capt. O my dear Boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his Delight, his Solace.
Love thy brave Man of War, and let thy Bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main Potation
Five Marks in Hatchments to adorn his Thigh,
Crampt with this ruſt of Peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

Yo. Lo. Thou ſhall have't Boy, and flie in Feather.
Lead on a March, you Michers. [*Muſick here.*

Enter Savil.

Sa. O my Head! O my Heart! What a Noiſe and Change is here! would I had been cold i'th Mouth before this Day, and ne'er have liv'd to ſee this Diſſolution. He that lives within a Mile of this Place, had as good ſleep in the perpetual Noiſe of an Iron-Mill. There's

There's a dead Sea of Drink i'th' Cellar, in which goodly Veſſels lie wrackt; and in the middle of this Deluge appears tops of Flaggons, and Black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th' Marſhes.

To. Lo. What art thou come! My ſweet Sir *Æneas*, welcome to *Troy*. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs my *Hellen*, and court her in a Dance.

Sa. Good Sir, conſider.

To. Lo. Shall we conſider, Gentlemen? How ſay you?

Capt. Conſider, that were a ſimple Toy I'faith: Conſider! whoſe Moral's that? The Man that cries Conſider, is our Foe, let my Steel know him.

To. Lo. Stay thy dead-doing Hand, he muſt not die yet; 'prithee be Calm my *Hector*.

Cap. Peaſant, Slave, thou Groom, compos'd of Grudgings, live and thank this Gentleman, thou hadſt ſeen *Pluto* elſe. The next *Conſider* kills thee.

Tra. Let him drink down his Word again in a Gallon of Sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a Snuff, make it two Gallons, and let him do it kneeling in Repentance.

Sa. Nay, rather kill me, there's but a Lay-man loſt. Good Captain do your Office.

To. Lo. Thou ſhalt drink, Steward; drink and dance my Steward, Strike him a Horn-pipe Squeakers; take thy Striver, and and pace her till ſhe ſtew.

Sa. Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are too light for me; pray break my Head, and let me go.

Capt. He ſhall dance, he ſhall dance.

To. Lo. He ſhall dance, and drink, and be Drunk; and dance, and be Drunk again; and ſhall ſee no Meat in a Year.

Poet. And three Quarters.

To. Lo. And three Quarters be it. [*Knock here.*

Capt. Who knocks there? Let him in.

Enter Elder Loveleſs *diſguiſed*

Sa. Some, to deliver me, I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God ſave you all; my Buſineſs is to one Maſter *Loveleſs*.

Capt. This is the Gentleman you mean; view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promiſes no leſs, Sir.

To. Lo. Sir, your Buſineſs?

El. Lo. Sir, I ſhould let you know, yet I am loath; yet I am

ſworn to't: Would ſome other Tongue would ſpeak it for me.

To. Lo. Out with it, Man.

El. Lo. All I deſire, Sir, is the Patience and Sufferance of a Man; and good Sir be not mov'd more.

To. Lo. Then a Pottle of Sack will do; here's my Hand; 'prithee thy Buſineſs?

El. Lo. Good Sir excuſe me; and whatſoever you hear, think muſt have been known unto you; and be your ſelf diſcreet, and bear it nobly.

To. Lo. 'Prithee diſpatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead, Sir.

To. Lo. Thou doſt not mean dead Drunk?

El. Lo. No, no, dead and drown'd at Sea, Sir.

To. Lo. Art ſure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too ſure Sir.

To. Lo. I, but art thou very certainly ſure of it?

El. Lo. As ſure, Sir, as I tell it:

To. Lo. But art thou ſure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but ne'er to call you Brother.

To. Lo. But art ſure he had Water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

To. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better, here, I forgive thee; I'faith be plain, how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wiſely, Sir.

To. Lo. Fill him ſome Wine. Thou doſt not ſee me mov'd; theſe tranſitory Toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better Place, my Friend, I know't. Some Fellows would have cry'd now, and have curſt thee, and have fallen out with their Meat, and kept a Pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him; there's the right uſe on't, Friend. Off with thy Drink, thou haſt a ſpice of Sorrow makes thee dry, fill him another. *Savil*, your Maſter's dead, and who am I now, *Savil*? Nay, let's all bear it well; wipe, *Savil*, wipe, Tears are but thrown away; we ſhall have Wenches now, ſhall we not, *Savil*?

Sa. Yes Sir.

To. Lo. And Drink innumerable?

Sa. Yes forſooth Sir.

To. Lo. And you'll ſtrain cur'ſie, and be drunk a little.

Sa. I will ſtrive, Sir, to do my weak Endeavour.

To. Lo. You may be brought in time to love a Wench too.

Sa. In time the ſturdy Oak, Sir.

To. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Some more Wine for my Friend there.

El. Lo. I ſhall be drunk anon for my good News; but I have a loving Brother, that's my Comfort.

Yo. Lo. Here's to you, Sir, this is the worſt I wiſh you for your News; and if I had another Elder Brother, and ſay it was his Chance to feed Haddocks, I ſhould be ſtill the ſame you ſee me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More Wine for my Friend there, he's a dry again.

El. Lo. I ſhall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear Brother, if I 'ſcape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to ſink, you ſhall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cann't drink more; pray you let me have your Pardon.

Yo. Lo. O Lord, Sir, 'tis your Modeſty; more Wine, give him a bigger Glaſs; hug him my Captain, thou ſhalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my Penon: Sir, a full Carouſe to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a Buzzing in my Brains; pray God I bear this out, and I'll ne'r trouble them ſo far again. Here's to you, Sir.

Yo. Lo. To my dear Steward; down a your Knees you Infidel, you Pagan, be Drunk and Penitent.

Sa. Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

Yo. Lo. Then be a Bawd, I'll have thee a brave Bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I muſt take my leave of you, my Buſineſs is ſo urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling Caſt before you go. Fill's a new Stoop.

El. Lo. I dare not Sir, by no means.

Yo. Lo. Have you any mind to a Wench? I would fain gratifie you for the Pains you took, Sir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Yo. Lo. If you find but any ſtirring, do but ſay ſo.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too Bounteous; when I feel that itching, you ſhall aſſwage it, Sir, before another, this only and farewel, Sir. Your Brother, when the Storm was moſt extream, told all about him, he left a Will, which lies cloſe behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber. And ſo as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my Leave.

Yo Lo. Let us embrace him all; if you grow dry before you end your Buſineſs, pray take a Bait here; I have a freſh Hogs-head for you.

Sa. You ſhall neither will nor chuſe. My Maſter is a wonderful fine Gentleman, has a fine Eſtate, a very fine Eſtate, Sir; I am his Steward, Sir, and his Man.

Eld. Lo. Would you were your own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I muſt caſt about, or all ſinks.

Sa. Farewel Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What would you with me Sir?

Sa. Farewel Gentleman.

El. Lo. O ſleep Sir, ſleep. [*Exit* El. Lo.

Yo. Lo. Well Boys, you ſee what's fal'n, let's in and drink, and give Thanks for it.

Sa. Let's in and drink, and give Thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live.

Sa. Drunk as I live, Boys.

Yo. Lo. Why, now thou art able to diſcharge thine Office, and caſt up a Reckoning of ſome Weight; I will be Knighted, for my Eſtate will bear it, 'tis ſixteen Hundred, Boys. Off with your Husks, I'll skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O ſweet *Loveleſs.*

Sa. All in Sattin! O ſweet *Loveleſs*!

Yo. Lo. March in, my noble Compeers; and this my Counteſs ſhall be led by two; and ſo proceed we to the Will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Morecraft *the Uſurer, and* Widow.

Mor. And Widow, as I ſay, be your own Friend; your Husband left you Wealthy, I and Wife; continue ſo, ſweet Duck, continue ſo. Take heed of young ſmooth Varlets, younger Brothers; they are Worms that will eat throngh your Bags; they are very Lightning, that with a Flaſh or two will melt your Money, and never ſinge your Purſe-ſtrings: They are Colts, (Wench) Colts heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for Bonds. Look upon me, I have had, and have yet Matter of Moment, Girl; Matter of Moment; you may meet with a worſe Back; I'll not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither, Sir.

Mor. Yet thus far by your Favour, Widow, 'tis tuff.

Wid. And therefore not for my Diet, for I love a tender one.

Mor. Sweet Widow, leave your Frumps and be edified; you know my State; I ſell no Perſpectives, Scarfs, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my Truſt in Shoe-ties; and where your Husband in an Age was riſing by Burnt Figs, dredg'd with Meal, and powder'd Sugar, Saunders and Grains, Worm-ſeed, and rotten Raiſins, and ſuch

ſuch vile Tobacco, that made the Foot-men Mangy: I, in a Year, have put up Hundreds inclos'd. My Widow, thoſe pleaſant Meadows, by a forfeit Mortgage, for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes for his Ale, and dares not beat his Hoſteſs: Nay more———

Wid. Good Sir, no more; what e'er my Husband was, I know what I am; and if you marry me, you muſt bear it bravely off Sir.

Mor. Not with the Head, ſweet Widow.

Wid. No ſweet Sir, but with your Shoulders: I muſt have you dubb'd, for under that I will not ſtoop a Feather. My Husband was a Fellow lov'd to toyl, fed ill, made Gain his Exerciſe, and ſo grew Coſtive, which for I was his Wife, and gave way to, ſpun mine own Smocks coarſe, and, Sir, ſo little, but let that paſs; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this Husband, who in Penitence of ſuch fruitleſs five Years Marriage, left me great with his Wealth; which if you'll be a worthy Goſſip to, be Knighted, Sir.

Enter Savil.

Mor. Now Sir, from whence come you? Whoſe Man are you, Sir.

Sa. Sir, I come from young Maſter *Loveleſs*.

Mor. Be ſilent, Sir, I have no Money, not a Penny for you; he's ſunk, your Maſter's ſunk, a periſht Man, Sir.

Sa. Indeed his Brother's ſunk, Sir, God be with him, a periſht Man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

Mor. How ſaidſt thou, good my Friend, his Brother drown'd!

Sa. Untimely Sir, at Sea.

Mor. And thy young Maſter left ſole Heir.

Sa. Yes Sir.

Mor. And he wants Money.

Sa. Yes, and ſent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

Mor. Widow be wiſe, there's more Land coming. Widow, be very wiſe, and give Thanks for me, Widow.

Wid. Be you very wiſe, and be Knighted, and then give Thanks for me, Sir.

Sa. What ſays your Worſhip to this Money?

Mor. I ſay he may have the Money if he pleaſe.

Sa. A Thouſand, Sir.

Mor. A Thouſand Sir, provided my Wife Sir, his Land lie for the Payment; otherwiſe.

Enter

Enter Young Loveleſs, *and Comrades to them.*

Sa. He's here himſelf Sir, and can better tell you.

Mor. My notable dear Friend, and worthy Maſter *Loveleſs*, and now Right Worſhipful, all Joy and Welcome.

Yo. Lo. Thanks to my dear Incloſer, Maſter *Morecraft*. 'prithee old Angel-Gold, ſalute my Family, I'll do as much for thine; this and your own Deſires fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well. 'Tis a handſome Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. Sirrah, my Brother's dead.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time Souſt for Ember-week.

Mor. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd! Drown'd at Sea Man! by the next freſh Conger that comes we ſhall hear more.

Mor. Now by the Faith of my Body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Aſs, and weep for the Dead? Why, I thought nothing but a general Inundation would have mov'd thee; 'prithee be quiet, he hath left his Land behind him.

Mor. Oh! has he ſo!

Yo. Lo. Yes, 'faith, I thank him for't, I have all, Boy; haſt any ready Money?

Mor. Will you ſell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out-right, good *Gripe*; marry, a Mortgage, or ſuch a ſlight Security.

Mor. I have no Money fit for Mortgage; if you will ſell, and all or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Sa. Good Sir look afore you, he'll work you out of all elſe; if you ſell your Land, you have ſold your Country, and then you muſt to Sea, to ſeek your Brother, and there lie pickled in a Powdering-Tub, and break your Teeth with Biskets and hard Beef, that muſt have watering, Sir; and where's your three Hundred Pounds a Year in Drink then? If you'll turn up the *Streights*, you may; for you have no calling for Drink there, but with a Canon; nor no ſcoring but on your Ship ſides; and then if you 'ſcape with Life, and take a Faggot Boat: and a Bottle of *Uſquebaugh*, come home poor Man, like a Type of *Thames-ſtreet*, ſtinking of Pitch and *Poor John*. I cannot tell Sir, I would be loath to ſee it.

Capt. Steward, you are an Aſs, a meazl'd Mungrel; and were it not againſt the Peace of my Sovereign Friend here, I would break your fore-caſting Coxcomb. Dog I would, even with thy Staff of

Office

Office there, thy Pen and Inkhorn. Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has fed thee well, take Money for thy Dirt: Hark and believe, thou art cold of Conſtitution, thy Seat unhealthful; ſell and be wiſe; we are three that will adorn thee, and live according to thine own Heart, Child: Mirth ſhall be only ours, and only ours ſhall be the Black-ey'd Beauties of the time. Money makes Men Immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the nobleſt Courſe; then you may live without the Charge of People, only we four will make a Family; I and an Age that will beget new *Annals*, in which I'll write thy Life, my Son of Pleaſure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What Men were they, Captain?

Capt. Two roaring Boys of *Rome* that made all ſplit.

Yo. Lo. Come Sir, what dare you give?

Sa. You will not ſell, Sir?

Yo. Lo. Who told you ſo, Sir?

Sa. Good Sir have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your Tongue up to your Roof. What Money? ſpeak.

Mor. Six Thouſand Pounds, Sir.

Capt. Take it; he has overbiddden by this Hand; bind him to his Bargain, quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come ſtrike me Luck with Earneſt, and draw the Writings.

Mor. There is ſix Angels in Earneſt.

Sa. Sir, for my old Maſter's ſake let my Farm be excepted; if I become his Tenant, I am undone, my Children Beggars, and my Wife God knows what; conſider me, dear Sir.

Mor. I'll have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in, diſpatch the Writings. [*Exit with Com.*

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed Fellow; would thou wert wiſer.

Sa. Now do I ſenſibly begin to feel my ſelf a Raſcal; would I could teach a School, or beg, or lye well; I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his Mercy. [*Exit* Savil.

Mor. Come Widow, come, never ſtand upon a Knighthood, 'tis a meer Paper Honour, and not Proof enough for a Serjeant. Come, come, I'll make thee——

Wid. To anſwer in ſhort, 'tis this Sir, no Knight, no Widow; if you make me any thing, it muſt be a Lady: And ſo I take my Leave.

Mor.

Mor. Farewel, ſweet Widow, and think of it.

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream, Sir. [*Exit* Widow.

Mor. She's rich and ſober, if this Itch were from her; and ſay I be at the Chage to pay the Footmen and the Trumpets, I and the Horſemen too, and be a Knight, and ſhe refuſe me then; then am I hoiſt into the Subſidy, and ſo by Conſequence, ſhould prove a Coxcomb: I'll have a Care of that. Six Thouſand Pounds, and then the Land is mine. There's ſome refreſhing yet. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Enter Abigail, *and drops her Glove,* Welford *follows.*

Abig. IF he but follow me, as all my Hopes tells me he's Man enough, up goes my reſt, and I know I ſhall draw him.

Wel. This is the ſtrangeſt piece of pamper'd Fleſh towards Fifty, that ever Frailty cop't withal; what a trim *Lenvoy* here ſhe has put upon me! theſe Women are a proud kind of Cattle, and love this Whoreſon doing ſo directly, that they will not ſtick to make their very Skins Bawds to their Fleſh. Here's a Dog-skin and Storax ſufficient to kill a Hawk; what to do with it, beſides nailing it up amongſt *Iriſh* Heads of Teer, to ſhew the mightineſs of her Palm, I know not; there ſhe is. I muſt enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have loſt your Glove.

Abig. No Sir, if you have found it.

Wel. It was my Meaning, Lady, to reſtore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a Favour Fortune hath ſo well beſtowed; Sir, pray wear it for me.

Wel. I had rather wear a Bell. But hark you Miſtreſs, what hidden Virtue is there in this Glove, that you would have me wear it? Is't good againſt ſore Eyes? Or will it charm the Tooth-ach? Or thoſe red Tops being ſteept in White-wine Soluble, wil't kill the Itch? Or has it ſo conceal'd a Providence to keep my Hand from Bonds? If it have none of theſe, and prove no more but a bare Glove of Half a Crown a Pair, 'twill be but half a Courteſie, I wear two always; 'faith let's draw Cuts, one will do me no Pleaſure.

Abig

Abig. The Tenderneſs of his Years keeps him as yet in Ignorance; he's a well moulded Fellow, and I wonder his Blood ſhould ſtir no higher; but it is his want of Company, I muſt now grow nearer to him.

Enter Elder Loveleſs *diſguiſed.*

El. Lo. God ſave you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is ſomewhat rude; how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why, through the Doors, they are open.

Wel. What are you? and what Buſineſs have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe than you have.

Abig. Who would this Fellow ſpeak with? Art thou ſober?

El. Lo. Yes; I come not here to ſleep.

Wel. 'Prithee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay Man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more than thou dar'ſt be, a Soldier.

Abig. Thou doſt not come to quarrel.

El. Lo. No, not with Women; I come here to ſpeak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why I am one.

El. Lo. But not with one ſo gentle.

Wel. This is a fine Fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine yet, I am but new come over; direct me with your Ticket to your Taylor, and then I ſhall be fine Sir. Lady, if there's a better of your Sex within this Houſe, I ſay, I would ſee her.

Abig. Why, am not I good enough for you, Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good; pray end my Buſineſs. This is another Suitor. O frail Woman! [*Aſide.*

Wel. This Fellow with his Bluntneſs, hopes to do more than the long Suits of a thouſand could; tho' he be ſowre, he's quick, I muſt not truſt him. [*Aſide*] Sir, this Lady is not to ſpeak with you, ſhe is more Serious; you ſmell as if you were new chalk't; go and be handſome, and then you may ſit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you, Sir?

Wel. Troth, gueſs by my outſide.

El. Lo. Then I take you, Sir, for ſome new ſilken thing wean'd from the Country, that ſhall (when you come to keep good Company) be beaten into better Manners. Pray, good proud Gentlewoman, help me to your Miſtreſs.

Abig. How many Lives haſt thou, that thou talkeſt thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one; I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one Life, Sir, maintain you ever in ſuch bold Sawcineſs?

El. Lo. Yes, amongſt a Nation of ſuch Men as you are, and be no worſe for wearing. Shall I ſpeak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth ſhall you not.

El. Lo. I muſt ſtay here then.

Wel. That you ſhall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why?

Wel. Good angry thing I'll tell you:
This is no Place for ſuch Companions:
Such lowſie Gentlemen ſhall find their Buſineſs
Better i'th' Suburbs; there your ſtrong Pitch-perfume,
Mingled with Lees of Ale, ſhall reek in Faſhion.
This is no *Thames-ſtreet*, Sir.

Abig. This Gentleman informs you truly.
'Prithee be ſatisfied, and ſeek the Suburbs,
Good Captain, or whatever Title elſe
The Warlike Eel-boats have beſtow'd upon thee,
Go and reform thy ſelf, 'prithee be ſweeter,
And know, my Lady ſpeaks with no ſuch Swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talk me out with your Tradition
Of Wit you pick from Plays; go to, I have found ye.
And for you, tender Sir, whoſe gentle Blood
Runs in your Noſe, and makes you ſnuff at all
But three pil'd People; I do let you know
He that begat your Worſhip's Sattin Suit,
Can make no Men, Sir; I will ſee this Lady,
And with the Reverence of your Silkenſhip,
In theſe old Garments.

Wel. You will not ſure.

El. Lo. Sure, Sir, I ſhall.

Abig. You would be beaten out.

El. Lo. Indeed I would not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray, who ſhould beat me; This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th Peace.

Wel. Sir, you ſhall ſee that; will you get you out?

El. Lo. Yes that, that ſhall correct your Boys Tongue.
Dare you fight? I will ſtay here ſtill. [*They draw.*

Abig.

Abig. O their Things are out! help, help for God's ſake.
Madam, they foin at one another.
Madam! they ——who is within there?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this Rudeneſs?
Wel. This uncivil Fellow.
He ſays he comes from Sea, where I believe
H'as purg'd away his Manners.
Lady. Why, what of him?
Wel. Why he will rudely, without once God bleſs you,
Preſs to your Privacies; and no denial
Muſt ſtand betwixt your Perſon and his Buſineſs:
Let go his Language.
Lady. Sir, have you buſineſs with me?
El. Lo. Madam, ſome I have,
But none ſo ſerious to pawn my Life for't;
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of Employment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?
La. Pray ſtay Sir; who has wrong'd you?
El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly
He flung his wild Words at me: But to you
I think he did no Honour, to deny
The haſte I came withal, a Meſſage to you,
Though I ſeem coarſe.
Lady. Excuſe me gentle Sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And ſhall have no protection. And to you, Sir,
You have ſhew'd more Heat than Wit; and from your ſelf
Have borrowed Power I never gave you here,
To do thoſe wild unmannerly things: My Houſe
Is no blinded Street to ſwagger in; and my Favours
Not doating yet on your unknown Deſerts.
So far, that I ſhall make you Maſter of my buſineſs.
My credit yet ſtands fairer with the People,
Than to be try'd with Sword. And they that come
To do me ſervice, muſt not think to win me
With a hazard of Murther. If your Love
Conſiſt in Fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in Honour of ſome common Miſtreſs,
Shorten your Youth. I pray be better temper'd,

And give me leave a while Sir.

Wel You muſt have it. [*Exit* Welford.

Lady. Now Sir, your Buſineſs?

El. Lo. Firſt, I thank you for Schooling this young Fellow,
Whom his own Follies, which he is prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him a way to his Repentance.
Next, I ſhould rail at you; but you are a Woman,
And Anger's loſt upon you.

Lady. Why at me, Sir;
I never did you wrong; for to my knowledge,
This is the firſt ſight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I muſt confeſs I have the leaſt ſhare in;
Becauſe the leaſt acquaintance: But there be
(If there be Honour in the Minds of Men)
Thouſands, when they ſhall know what I deliver,
(As all good Men muſt ſhare in't) will to ſhame
Blaſt your black Memory.

Lady. How is this, good Sir.

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a Soul, will choak it.
Y'ave kill'd a Gentleman.

Lady. I kill'd a Gentleman?

El. Lo. You and your Cruelty have kill'd him, Woman,
And ſuch a Man (let me be angry in't)
Whoſe leaſt Worth weighed above all Women's Virtues
That are: I ſpare you all to come too. Gueſs him now.

Lady. I am ſo Innocent I cannot Sir.

El. Lo. Repent you mean: Are you a perfect Woman,
And, as the firſt was, made for Man's undoing?

Lady. Sir, you have miſt your way, I am not ſhe.

El. Lo. Would he had miſt his way too, though he had
Wander'd farther than Women are ill ſpoken of,
So he had miſt this Miſery, you Lady.

Lady. How do you do, Sir?

El. Lo. Well enough, I hope,
While I can keep my ſelf from Temptations.

Lady. Pray leap into the matter: Whither would ye?

El. Lo. You had a Servant that your Peeviſhneſs
Injoin'd to Travel.

Lady. Such a one I have ſtill,
And ſhould be griev'd 'twere otherwiſe.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be griev'd, he's dead:
How you will anſwer for his Worth, I know not:
But this I am ſure, either he or you, or both,
Were ſtark mad; elſe he might have lived
To have given a ſtronger Teſtimony to the World
Of what he might have been. He was a Man
I knew but in his Evening, ten Suns after
Forc'd by Tyrant-ſtorm, our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us; in which ſad parting blow,
He call'd upon his Saint, but not for Life,
On you unhappy Woman; and whilſt all
Sought to preſerve their Souls, he deſperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that ſaw it;
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me
To this untimely End, and make her happy:
His name was *Loveleſs*; and I ſcap't the Storm,
And now you have my buſineſs.

Lady. 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that Storm, he had not periſht.
If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir,
Or if you'll call in more, if any more
Come from his Ruine, I ſhall juſtly ſuffer
What they can ſay. I do confeſs my ſelf
A guilty cauſe in this. I would ſay more,
But Grief is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this well; theſe Women are ſtrange things; [*Aſide.*
'Tis ſomewhat of the lateſt now to weep;
You ſhould have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with theſe Tears at home,

Lady. Would you had told me then ſo, theſe two Arms had been his Sea.

El. Lo. Truſt me, you move me much; but ſay he lived, theſe were forgotten things again!

La. I, ſay you ſo? Sure I ſhould know that Voice; this is Knavery, I'll fit you for it. (*Aſide*) Were he living, Sir, I would perſuade you to be Charitable, I, and confeſs we are not all ſo ill as your Opinion holds us. Oh my Friends, what Penance ſhall I put upon my Fault, upon my moſt unworthy ſelf for this?

El. Lo. Leave to Love others, 'twas ſome Jealouſie that turn'd him deſperate.

Lady. I'll be with you ſtraight; are you wrung there? [*Aſide.*

El. Lo.

El. Lo. This works amain upon her. [*Aside.*

Lady. I do confeſs there is a Gentleman has born me long good will

El. Lo. I do not like that. [*Aside.*

Lady. And vowed a thouſand Services to me, to me regardleſs of him: But ſince Fate, that no Power can withſtand, has taken from me my firſt and beſt Love, and to weep away my Youth is a meer folly, I will ſhew you what I determine. Sir, you ſhall know all: Call Mr. *Welford* there. That Gentleman I mean to make the Model of my Fortunes, and in his chaſte Embraces keep alive the Memory of my loſt lovely *Loveleſs*: He is ſomewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can Love?

Lady. Yes certainly Sir.
Though it pleaſe you to think me hard and Cruel,
I hope I ſhall I perſwade you otherwiſe.

El. Lo. I have made my ſelf a fine Fool. [*Aside.*

Enter Welford.

Wel. Would you have ſpoken with me, Madam?

Lady. Yes Mr. *Welford*, and I ask your pardon before this Gentleman, for being froward; this Kiſs, and henceforth more Affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*

Wel. This is a ſudden Paſſion, God hold it.
This Fellow out of his fear, ſure has
Perſwaded her. I'll give him a new Suit on't. [*Aside.*

Lady. A parting Kiſs, and good Sir let me pray you
To wait on me in the Gallery.

Wel. I am in another World, Madam, where you Pleaſe.

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't ſhall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed. [*Aside.*

Lady. Now Sir, you ſee I am no ſuch hard-hearted Creature. But time may win me.

El. Lo. You have forgot your loſt Love.

Lady. Alas Sir, What would you have me to do? I cannot call him back again with Sorrow; I'll love this Man as dearly, and beſhrow me I'll keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I remember me, by an old wiſe Woman, that my firſt Love ſhould be drown'd; and ſee, 'tis come about.

El. Lo. I would ſhe told you, your ſecond ſhould be hang'd too, and let that come about. But this is very ſtrange? [*Aside.*

Lady.

Lady. Faith Sir, conſider all, and then I know you'll be of my Mind. If weeping could redeem him, I would weep ſtill.

El. Lo. But ſay that I were *Loveleſs*,
And ſcap't the Storm, how would you anſwer this?

Lady. Why for that Gentleman I would leave all the World.

El. Lo. This young thing too!

Lady. This young thing too,
Or any young thing elſe; I would loſe my ſtate.

El. Lo. Why then he lives ſtill, I am he, your *Loveleſs*.

Lady. Alas I knew it Sir, and for that purpoſe prepared this Pageant; get you to your task, and leave theſe Players tricks, or I ſhall leave you, indeed I ſhall. Travel, or know me not.

El. L. Will you then Marry?

Lady. I will not promiſe, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman.
I muſt do ſomething. [*Exit* Loveleſs.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Madam, I am bold.

Lady. You are indeed,

Wel. You ſo overjoyed me, Lady.

Lady. Take heed you ſurfeit not; pray faſt and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreamly.

Lady. By this light and to Morrows light I care not for you.

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hide it.

Lady. Indeed I can, where you ſhall never find it.

Wel. I like this Mirth well, Lady.

Lady You ſhall have more on't.

Wel. I muſt Kiſs you.

Lady. No, Sir.

Wel. Indeed I muſt.

Lady. What muſt be, muſt be: I'll take my leave; you have your parting-blow; I pray commend me to thoſe few Friends you have, that ſent you hither, and tell them, When you travel next, 'twere fit you brought leſs Bravery with you, and more Wit; you'll never get a Wife elſe.

Well. Are you in earneſt?

Lady. Yes 'faith. Will you eat Sir? Your Horſes will be ready ſtraight; you ſhall have a Napkin laid in the Buttery for ye.

Wel. Do not you Love me then?

Lady. Yes for that Face.

Wel. It is a good one, Lady.

Lady. Yes, if it were not warpt; the Fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Methinks your's is none of the beſt, Lady.

Lady. No by my troth Sir; yet o'my Conſcience You would make ſhift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

Lady. I will not, Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentleman's Horſes, he's in haſte; and ſet ſome cold Meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that, I thank you Lady; take your Chamber when you pleaſe, there goes a black one with you, Lady.

Lady. Farewel young Man. [*Exit Lady.*

Wel. You made me one; Farewel, and may the Curſe of a great Houſe fall upon thee, I mean the Butler. The Devil and all his Works are in theſe Women; would all my Sex were of my Mind, we would make 'um a new *Lent*, and a long one, that Fleſh might be in more reverence with them.

Enter Abigail *to him.*

Ab. I am ſorry Maſter *Welford.*

Wel. So am I, that you are here.

Abig. How does my Lady uſe you?

Wel. As I would uſe thee, ſcurvily.

Abi. I ſhould have been more kind, Sir.

Wel. I ſhould have been undone then. Pray leave me and look to your ſweet-meats. Hark your Lady calls.

Abi. Sir, I ſhall borrow ſo much time without offence.

Wel. Thou art nothing but offence; for Love's ſake leave me.

Abi. 'Tis ſtrange my Lady ſhould be ſuch a Tyrant.

Wel. To ſend you to me; pray go ſtitch, good now do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abi. I do not know how my Good-will (if I ſaid Love, I ly'd not) ſhould any way deſerve this.

Wel. A thouſand ways, a thouſand ways, ſweet Creature let me depart in Peace

Abi. What Creature, Sir? I am a Woman.

Wel. A hundred, I think by your noiſe.

Abi. Since you are angry, Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a Woman, and a Rib.

Wel. Of a roaſted Horſe.

Abi. Conſter me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; farewel Counteſs, and commend me

me to your Lady, tell her ſhe's proud and ſcurvey ; and ſo I commit you both to your Temper.

Abig. Sweet Maſter *Welford.*

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus* : Go daub your ruins ; thy Face looks fouler than a Storm ; the Foot-man ſtays you in the Lobby, Lady.

Abig. If you were a Gentleman, I ſhould know it by your gentle Conditions ; are theſe fit Words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as if they were made for ye. Sirrah! my Horſes! Farewel old Adage, keep your Noſe warm, the Rheum will make it horn elſe. [*Ex.* Wel.

Abig. The Bleſſings of a Prodigal young Heir be thy Companion, *Welford.* Marry come up my Gentleman, are your Gums grown ſo tender, they cannot bite? A skittiſh Filly will be your Fortune, *Welford*, and fair enough for ſuch a Pack-ſaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to ſee her made to amble to your Hand. [*Exit* Abig.

Enter Young Loveleſs *and Comrades*, Morecraft, Widow, *Savil, and the reſt.*

Cap. Save thy brave Shoulder, my young puiſſant Knight ; and may thy Backſword bite them to the Bone that love thee not ; thou art an errant Man, go on. The circumciſed ſhall fall by thee. Let Land and Labour fill the Man that tills, thy Sword muſt be thy Plow, and *Jove* it ſpeed. *Meccha* ſhall ſweat, and *Mahomet* ſhall fall, and thy dear Name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It ſhall Captain, I mean to be a Worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou ſhalt be all.

Mor. Captain, I ſhall deſerve ſome of your Love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou ſhalt have my Heart and Hand too, Noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me Money. I am a Man of Garriſon, be rul'd, and open to me thoſe Infernal Gates, whence none of thy evil Angels paſs again, and I will ſtile thee Noble ; nay *Don Diego*, I will woe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight ſhall Feaſt her with high Meats, and make her apt.

Mor. Pardon me Captain ; y'are beſide my meaning.

Yo. Lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captain's meaning I ſhould prepare her for you.

Cap. Or provoke her.
Speak my modern Man, I ſay provoke her.

Poet. Captain I ſay ſo too ; or ſtir her to it ; ſo ſay the Criticks.

Yo. Lo. But howſoever you expound it Sir, ſhe's very welcome, and this ſhall ſerve for Witneſs. And Widow, ſince y'are come ſo happily, you may deliver up the Keys. and free poſſeſſion of this Houſe, whilſt I ſtand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again, believe me.
'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis past that, Widow; come sit down, some Wine there; there is a scurvey Banquet, if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair House is yours, Sir, *Savil*?

Sa. Yes Sir.

Yo. Lo. Are your Keys ready? I must ease your burthen.

Sa. I am ready Sir to be undone, when you shall call me to't.

Yo. Lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sa. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my Friends i'th Fields sunning against a bank, with half a breech among' um, I shall be with 'um shortly. The Care and continual Vexation of being rich, eat up this Rascal; what shall become of my poor Family? they are no Sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. Lo. Drink *Morecraft*, pray be merry all:
Nay, and you will not drink, there's no Society.
Captain, speak loud, and drink. VVidow, a word?

Cap. Expound her throughly, Knight. Here god a gold, here's to thy fair Possessions. Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young Heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimneys smoak, feed Men o'War, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

Mor. I thank you worthy Captain for your Counsel; you keep your Chimneys smoaking there, your Nostrils; and when you can, you feed a Man of War; this Makes you not a Baron, but a Bare one; and how or when you shall be saved, let the Clerk o'the Company you have commanded, have a just care of.

Poet. The Man is much moved. Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings. Let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir: Captain, take truce, the Miser is a tart and witty Whorson.

Cap. Poet, you fain perdie; the Wit of this Man lies in his Fingers ends, he must tell all; his Tongue fills his Mouth like a Neats tongue, and only serves to lick his hungry Chaps after a purchase; his Brains and Brimstone are the Devils diet to a fat Usurers Head; to her Knight, to her, clap her aboard, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor Friend and *Savil*, Sir,

Cap. Away, th'art rich in tenement of Nature. First in thy Face, thou hast a serious Face, a betting, bargaining, and saving Face, a rich Face; pawn it to the Usurer; a Face to kindle the com-

Compaſſion of the moſt ignorant and frozen Juſtice.

Sav. 'Tis ſuch I ſhall not dare to ſhew it ſhortly, Sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. Mr. *Morecraft.* Drink to this Man of reckoning.

Mor. Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guide it downwards; would there were i'nt an Acre of the great Broom Field he bought, to ſweep your dirty Conſcience, or to Choak you, 'tis all one to me, Uſurer.

To. Lo. Conſider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly Buſineſs: Is it fit one of ſuch tenderneſs, ſo delicate, ſo contrary to things of care, ſhould ſtir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin? Eat by the hope of Surfeits, and lie down in expectation of a Morrow, that may undo ſome eaſie-hearted Fool, or reach a Widow's Curſes; let out Mony whoſe Uſe returns the Principal; and get out of theſe Troubles, a conſuming Heir, for ſuch a one muſt follow neceſſarily, you ſhall die hated, if not old and miſerable; and that poſſeſt Wealth that you got with pining, live to ſee tumbled to another's Hands, that is no more akin to you, than you to his Couzenage.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak well, would God that Charity had firſt begun here.

To. Lo. 'Tis yet time. Be merry; methinks you want VVine there, there's more i'th Houſe. Captain, where reſts the Health.

Cap. It ſhall go round Boy.

To Lo. Say you can ſuffer this, becauſe the end points at much profit, can you ſo far bow below your Blood, below your too much Beauty, to be a Partner of this Fellow's Bed, and lie with his Diſeaſes? If you can, I will not preſs you farther; yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Uſurer, that Man of mat, that all decay'd, but Aches, for you to love, unleſs his periſh't Lungs, his dry Cough, or his Scurvey. This is truth, and ſo far I dare ſpeak it; he has yet, paſt cure of Phyſick, Spaw, or any Diet, a primitive Pox in his Bones, and a'my knowledge he has been ten times rowel'd, ye may love him, he had a Baſtard, his own toward Iſſue, whipt, and then cropt, for waſhing out the Roſes in three Farthings, to make 'um Pence.

Wid. I do not like the Morals.

To. Lo. You muſt not like him then.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentlemen.

Yo. Lo. By my troth Sir you are welcome, welcome faith. Lord what a ſtranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you pleaſe, theſe Friends here; we are merry, you ſee the worſt on's, your houſe has been kept warm, Sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it Brother; pray God you are wiſe too.

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder Brother; and Captain, do you Complement. *Savil* I dare ſwear is glad at Heart to ſee you. Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at Sea; and ſee how luckily things come about!

Mor. This Money muſt be paid back again, Sir.

Yo. Lo. No Sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylor's Meaſure: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman has ſtew'd him in his own ſawce, I ſhall love him for't.

Sav. I know not where I am, I am ſo glad; your Worſhip is the welcom'ſt Man alive; upon my Knees I bid you welcome home; here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch diſmal Drinking, Swearing, and Whoring, 't has almoſt made me mad; we have lived in a continual *Turnball-ſtreet*. Sir, bleſt be the hour that ſent you ſafe again; now ſhall I eat and go to Bed again.

El. Lo. Brother diſmiſs theſe People.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while; meet me at my old Rendezvouz in the Evening; take your ſmall Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were beſt go prattle with your Learned Counſel, I ſhall preſerve your Money I was couzened when time was; we are quit Sir.

El Lo. What is this Fellow Brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirſty Uſurer, that ſupt my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your Houſe and State: I was bold to make a little Sale, Sir.

Mor. I am over-reacht? If there be Law, I'll hamper ye.

El. Lo. 'Prethee be gone and rave at home; thou art ſo baſe a Fool I cannot laugh at thee. Sirrah this comes of couzening; ſpare, eat Rhadiſh till you raiſe your ſums again. If you ſtir far in this, I'll have you whipt, your Ears nail'd for intelligencing to the Pillory, and your Goods forfeit; you are a ſtale Couzener, leave my Houſe; no more—— *Mor.*

Mor. A pox upon your Houſe. Come Widow, I will yet hamper this young Gameſter.

Wid. Good twelve i'th a hundred keep your way, I am not for your Diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and get a Broker.

Yo. Lo. 'Tis well ſaid Widow. Will you jog on Sir?

Mor. Yes I will go, but 'tis no matter whither:
But when I truſt a wild Fool and a Woman,
May I lend gratis, and build Hoſpitals.

Yo. Lo. Nay good Sir, make all even, here's a Widow wants your good word for me, ſhe's rich, and may renew me and my Fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you, Gentlewoman, here is a poor diſtreſſed younger Brother.

Wid. You do him wrong Sir, he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy; yet 'tis no matter, his Knighthood is no Inheritance, I take it; Whatſoever he is, he is your Servant, or would be, Lady. Faith be not mercileſs, but make a Man, he's young and handſome, though he be my Brother, and his obſervations may deſerve your love; he ſhall not fail for means.

Wid. Sir, you ſpeak like a worthy Btother; and ſo much I do credit your fair Language, that I love your Brother, and ſo love him——but I ſhall bluſh to ſay any more.

El. Lo. Stop your Mouth. I hope you ſhall not live to know that hour when this ſhall be repented. Now Brother I ſhould chide, but I'll give no diſtaſte to your fair Miſtreſs, I will inſtruct her in't, and ſhe ſhall do't; you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

Yo. Lo. Sir, every day now Spring comes on.

El. Lo. To you good Mr. *Savil*, and your Office, thus much I have to ſay, Y'are from my Steward become, firſt your own Drunkard, then his Bawd, they ſay y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect; give me your Keys, Sir *Savil.*

Sav. Good Sir conſider who you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my Brother's Follies: Where's the beſt drink now? come tell me *Savil.* Where's the ſoundeſt Whores! Ye old-He-goat: dried Ape: Ye lame Stallion: Muſt you be leaping in my Houſe your Whores, like Fairies dance their Night-rounds, without fear either of King or Conſtable, within my Walls? Are all my Hangings ſafe, my Sheep unſold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I had too much on't. What ſay you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav.

Sav. Good Sir forgive me, and but hear me ſpeak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou ſhouldſt be drunk ſtill, and not ſpeak; 'tis the more pardonable.

Sav. I will Sir, if you will have it ſo.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'en purſue it Sir, do you hear? get a Whore ſoon for your recreation; go look out Captain *Brokenbreech* your Fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I ſhall deliver theſe Keys to one ſhall have more honeſty, though not ſo much fine Wit, Sir. You may walk and gather Creſſes, Sir, to cool your Liver; there's ſomething for you to begin a Diet, you'll have the Pox elſe: Speed you well Sir *Savil*; you may eat at my Houſe to preſerve Life, but keep no Fornication in the Stables.

Exeunt omnes præter Savil.

Sav. Now I muſt hang my ſelf; my Friends will look for't.
Eating and ſleeping, I do deſpiſe you both now:
I will run mad firſt; and if that get no pity,
I'll drown my ſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Abigal *Solus.*

Abig. ALas poor Gentlewoman! to what a Miſery hath Age brought thee! to what a ſcurvy Fortune! thou that haſt been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worſt of thoſe times for Gentlemen; now like a broken Serving-man muſt beg for favour to thoſe that would have crawl'd like Pilgrims to my Chamber but for an apparition of me. You that be coming on, make much of Fifteen, and ſo till five and twenty, uſe your time with reverence, that your profit may ariſe; it will not tarry with you, *ecce ſignum:* Here was a Face; but Time that like a Surfeit eats out youth (Plague of his Iron Teeth, and draw 'um for't) has been a little bolder here than welcome; and now to ſay the Truth, I am fit for no Man. Old Men i'th Houſe of fifty, call me Granum; and when they are drunk, e'en then when *Joan* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reaſon. My little *Levite* hath

hath forſaken me; his Silver ſound of Cittern, quite aboliſht; his doleful Hymns under my Chamber-window, digeſted into tedious learning. Well Fool, you leapt a Haddock when you left him; he is a clean Man, and good edifier, and Twenty Nobles is his Eſtate *de claro*, beſides his Pigs in *poſſe*. To this good Homiliſt I have been ever ſtubborn, which Heaven forgive me for, and mend my manners. And Love, if ever thou hadſt care of Forty, of ſuch a piece of lape ground, hear my Prayer, and fire his zeal ſo far forth, that my Faults in this renewed impreſſion of my Love, may ſhew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See how negligently he paſſes by me; with what an equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the Heart of *Bellarmine*, or added ſomething to the ſinging Brethren. 'Tis ſcorn, I know it, and deſerve it. Maſter *Roger*.

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman, my name is *Roger*.

Abig. Then gentle *Roger*.

Rog. Ungentle *Abigal*.

Abig. Why Mr. *Roger*, will you ſet your wit to a weak Woman?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for ſo the Poet ſings.

Abig. I do confeſs my weakneſs, ſweet Sir *Roger*.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this Trope is loſt to you now) leave your prating, you have ſeaſon of your firſt Mother in ye; and ſurely had the Devil been in Love, he had been abuſed like me. Go *Dalila*, you make Men Fools, and wear Fig-breeches.

Abig. Well, well, hard-hearted Man, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of Woman; theſe are fit Texts: But once there was a time, would I had never ſeen thoſe Eyes, thoſe Eyes, thoſe Orient Eyes.

Rog. I, they were Pearls once with you.

Abig. Saving your reverence, Sir, ſo they are ſtill.

Rog. Nay, nay, I do beſeech you leave your Cogging; what they are, they are, they ſerve me without Spectacles, I thank 'um.

Abig. O will you kill me?

Rog. I do not think I can.

Y'are like a Copy-hold with nine Lives in't.

Abig. You were wont to bear a Chriſtian fear about you:
For your own Worſhip's ſake.

Rog. I was a Chriſtian Fool then: Do you remember what a

Dance.

Dance you led me? How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce? Could not expound but once a Quarter, and then was out too? and then out of the ſtinking ſtir you put me in, Inſtead of praying for the King, I pray'd for my own Iſſue. Yo do remember all this?

Abig. O be as then you were.

Rog. I thank you for't; ſurely I will be wiſer, *Abigal*, and as the *Ethnick* Poet ſings, I will not loſe my Oil and Labour too. Y'are for the Worſhipful, I take it, *Abigal.*

Abig. O take it ſo, and then I am for thee.

Rog. I like theſe Tears well, and this Humbling alſo; they are Symptoms of Contrition, as a Father ſaith. If I ſhould fall into my Fit again, would you not ſhake me into a Quotidian Coxcomb? Would you not uſe me ſcurvily again, and give me Poſſets with Purging Comfets in't? I tell thee, Gentlewoman, thou haſt been harder to me, than a long Chapter with a hard Pedigree.

Abig. O Curate, cure me; I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the Secrets of the main Houſhold to thy Reformation: My Lady ſhall look lovingly on thy Learning; and when due time ſhall point thee for a Parſon, I will convert thy Eggs to Penny Cuſtards, and thy Tythe-Geeſe ſhall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well ſhall teſtify this faithful Kiſs; but have a great Care Mrs. *Abigal*, how you depreſs the Spirit any more with your Rebukes and Mocks; for certainly the Edge of ſuch a Folly cuts it ſelf.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me thorow: Here I vow a Recantation to thoſe malicious Faults I ever did againſt you. Never more will I deſpiſe your Learning, never more pin Cards and Coney-tails upon your Caſſock; never again reproach your Reverend Night-cap, and call it by the mangy Name of Murrain; never your Reverend Perſon more, and ſay you look like one of *Baal's* Prieſts in the Hangings; never again, when you ſay Grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at Prayers; never cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs; nor when you ride, get Soap and Thiſtles for you. No, my *Roger*, theſe Faults ſhall be corrected and amended, as by the Tenor of my Tears appears.

Rog. Now cannot I hold if I ſhould be hang'd, I muſt cry too. Come to thine own Beloved, *Abigal*, and do even what thou wilt with me, ſweet, ſweet *Abigal*, I am thine for ever; here's my Hand, when *Roger* proves a Recreant, hang him i'th Bell-ropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

La. Why how now, Maſter *Roger*, no Prayers down with you to Night? Did you hear the Bell ring? You are Courting; your Flock ſhall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your Pardon: I'll chop up Prayers (but ſtay a little) and I'll be with you again. [*Exit.*

Enter El. Loveleſs.

La. How dare you, being ſo unworthy a Fellow,
Preſume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha.

La. What ails the Fellow?

El. Lo. The Fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, Lady, I would not for your Land be ſuch a Coxcomb, ſuch a whining Aſs as you decreed me for, when I was laſt here.

La. I joy to hear you are wiſe; 'tis a rare Jewel in an Elder Brother; pray be wiſer yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wiſe; I do not come a Wooing, Indeed I'll move no more Love to your Ladyſhip.

La. What makes you here then?

El. Lo. Only to ſee you, and be Merry, Lady; that's all my Buſineſs. Faith let's be very Merry. Where's little *Roger*? he's a good Fellow; an Hour or two well ſpent in wholeſome Mirth, is worth a thouſand of theſe puling Paſſions. 'Tis an ill World for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank Heaven, there's one leſs for me, Lady.

La. You were never any, Sir.

El. Lo. 'Till now, and now I am the prettieſt Fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor, Sir.

El. Lo. Methinks your Faces are no ſuch fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wiſe? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend theſe Faces?

El. Lo. A Hog's Face ſouſt is worth a hundred of 'em.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. Lo. She brought forth ſuch fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but Parſons, Lady.

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergy yet.

El. Lo. That will not ſave you. O that I were in love again with a Wiſh.

La. By this Light you're a ſcurvy Fellow; pray be gone.

El. Lo. You know I am a clean skin'd Man.

La. Do I know it?

El. Lo. Come, come, you'd know it, that's as good; but not a ſnap; never long for't, not a ſnap, dear Lady.

La. Hark ye, Sir, hark ye; get ye to the Suburbs, there's Horſe-fleſh for ſuch Hounds; will you go Sir?

El. Lo. Lord how I lov'd this Woman! How I worſhipt this pretty Calf with the white Face here! As I live, you were the prettieſt Fool to play withal, the wittieſt little Varlet, it would talk: Lord how it talk't! and when I angred it, it would cry out, and ſcratch, and eat no Meat, and it would ſay, go hang.

La. It will ſay ſo ſtill, if you anger it.

El. Lo. And when I askt it if it would be married, it ſent me of an Errand into *France*, and would abuſe me, and be glad it did ſo.

La. Sir, this is moſt unmanly; pray be gone.

El. Lo. And ſwear, (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandſome.

La. Have you no Manners in you?

El. Lo. And ſay my Back was melted, when Heaven knows I kept it at a Charge. Four *Flanders* Mares would have been eaſier to me, and a Fencer.

La. You think all this is true now.

El. Lo. Faith, whether it be or no, 'tis good enough for you. But ſo much for Mirth. Now have at you in Earneſt.

La. There's enough Sir, I deſire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'll have a Caſt at your beſt Parts now, And then the Devil take the worſt.

La. Pray Sir no more, I am not ſo much affected with your Commendations, 'tis almoſt Dinner, I know they ſtay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'en a ſhort Grace, and then I am gone: You are a Woman, and the proudeſt that ever lov'd a Coach: the ſcornfulleſt, ſcurvieſt, and moſt ſenſeleſs Woman, the greedieſt to be prais'd, and never mov'd, tho' it be groſs and open; the moſt envious, that at the poor Fame of another's Face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the Paint belonging to it; of ſuch a ſelf-

Opinion,

Opinion, that you think none can deſerve your Glove; and for your Malice, you are ſo excellent, you might have been your Tempters Tutor; nay, never cry.

La. Your own Heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo. You ſhall before I leave you.

La. Is all this ſpoke in Earneſt?

El. Lo. Yes, and more, as ſoon as I can get it out.

La. Well, out with't.

El. Lo. You are; let me ſee.

La. One that has us'd you with too much Reſpect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me (ſince you will have it ſo) the baſeſt and moſt Foot-boy like, without Reſpect of what I was, or what you might be by me; you have us'd me as I wou'd uſe a Jade, ride him off's Legs, then turn him to the Commons; you have us'd me with Diſcretion, and I thank ye. If you have any more ſuch pretty Servants, pray build an Hoſpital, and when they are old, pray keep 'em for ſhame.

La. I cannot yet think this is ſerious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith, there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all my Part; you are no Lover then?

El. Lo. No, I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why, then Heav'n amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be ſuch a Fellow found i'th World, to be in Love with ſuch a froward Woman; if there be ſuch, th'are mad, *Jove* comfort 'em. Now have you all, and I as new a Man, as light, as ſpirited, that I feel my ſelf clean thro' another Creature. O 'tis brave to be ones own Man: I can ſee you now as I would ſee a Picture, ſit all the Day by you, and never kiſs your Hand, hear you ſing and never fall backward; but with as ſett a Temper as I would hear a Fidler, riſe and thank you. I can now keep my Money in my Purſe, that ſtill was gadding out for Scarfs and Ribbons, and keep my Hand from Mercers Sheep-skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feaſt my ſelf with two Shillings, can ſee a Play for Half a Crown again: I can Madam, I can.

La. The Carriage of this Fellow vexes me. [*Aſide*] Sir, pray let me ſpeak a little in private with you, I muſt not ſuffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you have with me?
You will not raviſh me? Now, your ſet Speech?

La. Thou perjur'd Man.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, this is a fine *Exordium.* And why I pray you perjur'd?

La. Did you not ſwear a thouſand times, you lov'd me beſt of all things?

El. Lo. I do confeſs it; make your Uſe of that.

La. Why do you ſay you do not then?

El. Lo. Nay I'll ſwear it.

And give ſufficient reaſon, your own uſage.

La. Do you not love me now, then?

El. Lo. No faith.

La. Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly.

El. Lo. Yes, but I ſee but rotten Fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your Hand, for I muſt kiſs it, and take my laſt farewel; now let me die, ſo you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too fooliſh: Lady, ſpeak, dear Lady.

La. No, let me die. [*She Swouns*

Ma. O my Siſter!

Abig. O my Lady! help! help!

Ma. Run for ſome *Roſolis.*

El. Lo. I have plaid a fine Aſs; bend her Body: Lady, beſt, deareſt, worthieſt Lady, hear your Servant; I am not as I ſhew'd. O wretched Fool, to fling away the Jewel of thy Life thus! Give her more Air; ſee, ſhe begins to ſtir; ſweet Madam hear me.

La. Is my Servant well?

El. Lo. In being yours, I am ſo.

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye? Reach a Chair there: I confeſs my fault not pardonable, in preſuming this upon ſuch tenderneſs, my wilful error: but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus ſtrangely, not the World had won me to it; and let not (my beſt Lady) any word ſpoke to any end, diſturb your quiet Peace; for ſooner ſhall you know a general ruin, than my Faith broken. Do not doubt this, Madam; for by my Life I cannot live without you. Come, come, you ſhall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction on me: I will ſuffer, O I could curſe my ſelf, pray ſmile upon me. Upon my Faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet ſtrangely, that would never ſhew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La. I thank you fine Fool for your moſt fine Plot; this was a ſubtle one, a ſtiff device to have caught Cottrels with, good ſoo-

leſs Sir, could you imagine I ſhould ſwoun for you, and know your ſelf to be an arrant Aſs? I ha' diſcovered one. 'Tis quit, I thank you Sir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, ſhe may chance to ſwoun again.

Abig. Step to her, ſee how ſhe changes colour.

El. Lo. I'll go to Hell firſt, and be better welcom.
I am fool'd, I do confeſs it, finely fool'd, Lady:
Fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La. Faith 'tis not ſo much worth Sir.
But if I know when you come next a birding,
I'll have a ſtronger nooſe to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. I am glad to ſee you merry; pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard Heart that could not laugh at you.

La. You'll anger him,
And then he'll rail like a rude Coſtermonger,
That School-boys had cozen'd of his Apples,
As loud and ſenſleſs.

El. Lo. I will not rail.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him, Siſter.

El. Lo. Yes, you ſhall hear me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. Lo. No, he that makes a Woman better by his Words,
I'll have him Sainted: Blows will not do it.

La. By this light he'll beat us.

El. Lo. You do deſerve it richly.
And you may live to have a Beadle do it.

La. Now he rails.

El. Lo. Come ſcornful Folly.
If this be railing, you ſhall hear me rail.

La. Pray put it in good Words then.

El. Lo. The worſt are good enough for ſuch a trifle,
Such a proud piece of Cobweb-lawn.

La. You bite Sir.

El. Lo. I would, till the Bones crack, and I had my will.

Mar. We had beſt muzzle him, he grows mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawful in the next great Sickneſs to have the Dogs ſpared, thoſe harmleſs Creatures, and knock i'th Head theſe hot continual Plagues, Women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

La. Are you well Sir?

Mar.

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El. Lo. Green Ginger will cure me.

Abig. Shall I heat him a Trencher.

El. Lo. Dirty *December* do: Thou with Face as old as *Erra Pater*, ſuch a Prognoſticating Noſe; thou Thing that ten years ſince has left to be a Woman, outworn the Expectation of a Bawd; and dry Bones can reach at nothing now, but Gords and Nine-pins; pray go fetch a Trencher, go.

La. Let him alone he's crackt.

Abig. I'll ſee him hang'd firſt; he's a beaſtly Fellow to uſe a Woman of my breeding thus, I marry is a; would I were a Man, I'd make him eat his Knaves Words.

El. Lo. Tie your She-Otter up, good Lady Folly; foh, ſhe ſtinks worſe than a Bear-baiting.

La. Why, will you be angry now?

El. Lo. Go paint and purge, call in your Kennel with you; you a Lady!

Abig. Sirrah, look to't againſt the Quarter-Seſſions; if there be good behaviour in the World, I'll have thee bound to it.

El. Lo. You muſt not ſeek it in your Ladies Houſe then; pray ſend this Ferret home, and ſpin, good *Abigal*. And Madam, that your Ladiſhip may know in what baſe manner ye have us'd my ſervice, I do from this hour hate you heartily; and though your folly ſhould whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to ſee my wrongs, 'tis not the endeavour of your Life ſhall win me, nor all the Friends you have make interceſſion; nor your ſubmiſſive Letters, though they ſpoke as many Tears as Words; nor your Knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your 'ſtate, to kiſs you; nor my pardon and will, to give you Chriſtian Burial, if you die thus; ſo farewel. When I am Married, and made ſure, I'll come and viſit you again, and vex you, Lady. By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you, worſe than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and ſue to me, but ſave that labour: I'll rather love a Fever and continual Thirſt, rather contract my Youth to drink, and ſacerdote upon quarrels, or take a drawn Whore from an Hoſpital, that Time, Diſeaſes, and *Mercury* had eaten, than be drawn again to the love of you.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do; but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, falſe Dice, Jades, Cowards, and Plaguy Summers, good Heav'n deliver me. [*Exit*

La. But hark you Servant, hark ye; is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La.

La. Art thou here ſtill? fly, fly, and call my Servant; fly, or ne'er ſee me more.

Abig I had rather knit again, than ſee that Raſcal; but I muſt do it. [*Ex.* Abig.

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine Foolery is this in a Woman, to uſe thoſe Men moſt frowardly, they love moſt? if I ſhould loſe him thus, I were rightly ſerved. I hope he's not ſo much himſelf, to take it to th' Heart. How now? will he come back?

Abig. Never, he ſwears, whilſt he can hear Men ſay there's any Woman living; he ſwore he would ha'me firſt.

La. Didſt thou intreat him Wench?

Abig. As well as I could, Madam. But this is ſtill your way, to love being abſent; and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuſe him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou ſayeſt true, get me Paper, Pen and Ink, I'll write to him, I'de be loath he ſhould ſleep in's anger.
Women are moſt Fools when they think th'are wiſeſt [*Ex. omnes.*

Muſick. Enter Young Loveleſs *and Widow, going to be Married, with them his Comrades.*

Wid. Pray Sir caſt off theſe Fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your company. Is't fit ſuch Ragamuffins as theſe are, ſhould bear the Name of Friends, and furniſh out a civil Houſe? Y'are to be Married now, and Men that love you muſt expect a courſe far from your old carriage; if you will keep 'um, turn 'um to th' Stable, and there make 'um Grooms; and yet now I conſider it, ſuch Beggars once ſet a Horſe-back, you have heard will ride, how far you had beſt to look to.

Cap. Hear you, you that muſt be Lady, pray content your ſelf, and think upon your carriage ſoon at Night, what dreſſing will beſt take your Knight, what Waſtcoat, what Cordial will do well i'th Morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean Sir,

Cap. Thoſe that muſt ſwitch him up; if he ſtart well, fear not, but cry Saint *George*, and bear him hard; when you perceive his Wind grows hot and panting, let him a little down, he's fleet, ne'er doubt him, and ſtands ſound.

Wid. Sir, you hear theſe Fellows?

To. Lo. Merry Companions, Wench, merry Companions.

Wid. To one another let 'um be Compa ions, but good Sir not to you: You ſhall be civil, and ſlip off theſe baſe trappings. *Cap*

Cap. He ſhall not need, my moſt ſweet Lady Grocer; if he be civil, not your powder'd Sugar, nor your rotten Raiſins, ſhall perſwade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil, and feed i'th *Arches*, and ſee what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do; undo him: I, that's the next way. I will not take (if he be Civil once) two hundred pounds a year to live with him. Be civil, there's a trim perſwaſion!

Cap. If thou be'ſt civil, Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee another Noſe, that will be pull'd off by the angry Boys for thy Converſion; the Children thou ſhalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by the Law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy ſport meer Moral Lechery; when they are grown, having but a little in 'um they may prove Haberdaſhers, or groſs Grocers, like their Dear Dam there; prethee be civil, Knight, in time thou maiſt read to thy Houſhold, and be drunk once a year; this would ſhew finely.

To. Lo. I wonder ſweet Heart, you will offer this, you do not underſtand theſe Gentlemen: I will be ſhort and pithy. I had rather caſt you off by the way of charge; theſe are Creatures that nothing goes to the maintenance of, but Corn and Water, I will keep theſe Fellows juſt in the Competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can caſt it ſo, Sir, you have my liking; if they eat leſs, I ſhould not be offended. But how theſe, Sir, can live upon ſo little as Corn and Water, I am unbelieving.

To. Lo. Why prethee Sweet-heart, what's your Ale? is not that Corn and Water, my ſweet Widow?

Wid. I but my ſweet Knight, where's the Meat to this, and Cloaths? that they muſt look for.

To. Lo. In this ſhort ſentence, *Ale*, is all concluded, Meat, Drink and Cloth; theſe are no ravening Footmen, no Fellows that at Ordinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they riſe, and yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more Nuts than would ſuffice a dozen Squirrels; beſides the din, which is damnable: I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a Bear-baiting, than live among ſuch Raſcals: theſe are People of ſuch a clean diſcretion in their Diet, of ſuch a moderate ſuſtenance, that they ſweat if they but ſmell hot Meat, *Porrege* is Poiſon; they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter; and ſhew 'um but a Feather-Bed, they ſwoun. Ale is their eating and their drinking ſurely, which keeps their Bodies clear and ſoluble, Bread is a binder, and for that aboliſh'd even in their Ale, whoſe loſt room fills an Apple, which

which is more Air, and of ſubtiler Nature. The Reſt they take is little, and that little is little eaſie: For like ſtrict Men of Order, they do correct their Bodies with a Bench, or a poor ſtubborn Table; if a Chimney offer it ſelf with ſome few broken ruſhes, they are in Down. When they are ſick, that's drunk, they may have freſh Straw, elſe they do deſpiſe theſe worldly Pamperings. For their poor Apparel, 'tis worn out to their Diet; new they ſeek none; and if a Man ſhould offer, they are angry, ſcarce to be reconciled again with him; you ſhall not hear 'um ask me a caſt Doublet once in a year; which is Modeſty befitting my poor Friends You ſee their Wardrobe, though ſlender, competent: For Shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Lowſie they will be when they liſt, and mangy, which ſhews a fine variety: And then to cure 'um, a Tanners Lime-pit, which is like charge to Dogs and theſe, theſe two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wid. You have half perſwaded me, pray uſe your pleaſure; and my good Friends, ſince I do know your Diet, I'll take an order, Meat ſhall not offend you, you ſhall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty, Lady; and if we periſh then our own Sins on us.

To. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my Boys; when we have done, I'll give you cheer in Bowls. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

H ACT.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Elder Loveleſs.

El. Lo. THis ſenſleſs Woman vexes me to the Heart, ſhe will not from my Memory; would ſhe were a Man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandſome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, ſhe might have ſcorn'd me; but to be young, and by this light I think as proper as the proudeſt, made as clean, as ſtraight, as ſtrong backt; Means and Manners equal with the beſt Cloath of Silver Sir i'th Kingdom; but theſe are things at ſome time of the Moon below the cut of Canvas; ſure ſhe has ſome meaching Raſcal in her Houſe, ſome Hind, that ſhe had ſeen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of Malt upon his Back, and ſing with it, thraſh all day, and i'th evening in his Stockins ſtrike up a Horn-pipe, and there ſtink two hours; and ne'er a whit the worſe Man; theſe are they, theſe ſteelchin'd Raſcals that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a Coachman, I had done the deed e'er this time.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave Sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome; What's your Will, Sir?

Wel. Have you forgot me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You muſt Sir. I am the Gentleman you pleaſed to wrong in your diſguiſe, I have enquired you out.

El. Lo. I was diſguiſed indeed Sir, if I wrong'd you. Pray where? and when?

Wel.

Wel. In ſuch a Ladies Houſe, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you ſeem'd to be a Suitor to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how ſcurvily you us'd me; that was no place to quarrel in; pray you think of it; if you be honeſt, you dare fight with me, without any more urging, elſe I muſt provoke ye.

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a Woman; I will not have her in my caſe, ſhe is Mortal, and ſo is not my anger; if you have brought a Nobler Subject for our Swords, I am for you; in this I would be loth to prick my Finger. And whereas you ſay I wrong'd you, 'tis ſo far from my Profeſſion, that amongſt my fears, to do wrong is the greateſt; credit me, we have been both abuſed (not by our ſelves, for that I hold a Spleen, no Sin of Malice, and may with Man enough be left forgotten,) but by that wilful, ſcornful piece of hatred, that much forgetful Lady; for whoſe ſake if we ſhould leave our Reaſon, and run on upon our Senſe, like Rams, the little World of good Men would laughat us, and deſpiſe us, fixing upon our deſperate Memories the never worn out Names of Fools and Fencers. Sir, 'tis not Fear but Reaſon makes me tell you, in this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt you; and you ſhall find it, though you throw your ſelf into as many dangers as ſhe offers; though you redeem her loſt Name every day, and find her out new Honour with your Sword, you ſhall but be her Mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you Mercy Sir, you have taken my edge off; yet I would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which I'll be your helper: We are two, and they are two, two Siſters, rich alike, only the elder had the prouder Dowry; in troth I pity this Diſgrace in you, yet of my own I am ſenſleſs; do but follow my Counſel and i'll pawn my Spirit, we'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs ſpeak with you, I cannot keep her out, ſhe's enter'd Sir.

El. Lo. It is the Waiting-woman, pray be not ſeen: Sirrah, hold her in diſcourſe a while; hark in your Ear, go and diſpatch

it quickly, when I come in I'll tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have. [*Exit* Welford.

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, ſhe muſt not ſee you. Now Lady *Gwiniver*, what News with you?

Enter Abigal.

Ab. Pray leave theſe frumps Sir, and receive this Letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good Vanity?

Ab. 'Tis from my Lady, Sir: Alas good Soul, ſhe crys and takes on.

El. Lo. Does ſhe ſo good Soul? would ſhe not have a Cawdle? does ſhe ſend you with fine Oratory, goodly *Tully*, to tie me to belief again? Bring out the Cat-Hounds, i'll make you take a Tree, Whore, then with my Tiller bring down your *Gibſhip*, and then have you cas'd, and hung up i'th Warren.

Ab. I am no Beaſt Sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wou'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful: What will you ſay now?

Ab. Nothing, not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a Woman and ſay nothing?

Ab. Unleſs you'll hear me with more moderation: I can ſpeak wiſe enough,

El. Lo. And loud enough: Will your Lady love me?

Ab. It ſeems ſo by her Letters and her Lamentations; but you are ſuch another Man.

El. Lo. Not ſuch another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be I'll read her fine Epiſtle: Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Miſtreſs mad?

Ab. For you ſhe will be; 'tis a ſhame you ſhould uſe a poor Gentlewoman ſo untowardly; ſhe loves the ground you tread on; and you (hard Heart) becauſe ſhe jeſted with you, mean to kill her; 'tis a fine Couqueſt, as they ſay.

El. Lo. Haſt thou ſo much moiſture in thy Whiteleather hide yet, that thou canſt cry? I would have ſworn thou hadſt been Touch-wood five years ſince: Nay, let it rain, thy Face chops for a ſhower, like a dry Dunghil.

Ab. I'll not endure this Ribaldry, farewel i'th the Devils Name; if my Lady die, I'll be ſworn before a Jury thou art the cauſe on't.

El. Lo.

El. Lo. Do, Maukin, do; deliver to your Lady from me this I mean to ſee her, if I have no other Buſineſs; which before I'll want to come to her, I mean to go ſeek Birds-neſts; yet I may come too: but if I come, from this door till I ſee her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry ſo much, that the Phyſician, if ſhe fall ſick upon't, ſhall want Urine to find the cauſe by. And ſhe remedileſs dye in her Hereſie. Farewel old Adage, I hope to ſee the Boys make Pot-guns on thee.

Ab. Th'art a vile Man, God bleſs my Iſſue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou haſt but one, and that's in thy left Crupper, that makes thee hobble ſo; you muſt be ground i'th Breech, like a Top, you'll ne'r ſpin well elſe. Farewel Fytchet *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady alone.

La. Is it not ſtrange that every Womans Will ſhould track out new ways to diſturb her ſelf? If I ſhould call my Reaſon to account, it cannot anſwer why I keep my ſelf from my own wiſh, and ſtop the Man I love from his; and every hour repent again, yet ſtill go on. I know 'tis like a Man that wants his natural ſleep, and growing dull, would gladly give the remnant of his Life for two hours reſt; yet through his frowardneſs, will rather chuſe to watch another Man, drowſie as he, than take his own repoſe. All this I know; yet a ſtrange peeviſhneſs and anger, not to have the Power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine: I had rather die ſometimes, than not diſgrace in publick him whom People think I love, and do't with Oaths, and am in earneſt then. O what are we! Men, you muſt anſwer this, that dare obey ſuch things as we command. How now? what News?

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come?

Ab. No truly.

La. Nor has he writ?

Ab. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your ſelf.

La. Why, but what ſays he?

Ab. Faith he talks ſtrangely.

La. How

La. How ſtrangely?

Ab. Firſt at your Letter he laught extremely.

La. What in contempt?

Sa. He laught monſtrous loud, as he would die; and when you wrote it, I think you were in no ſuch merry mood, to provoke him that way; and having done, he cried, Alas for her, and violently laught again.

La. Did he?

Ab. Yes, till I was angry.

La. Angry, why? Why wert thou angry? he does but well, I did deſerve it; he had been a Fool, an unfit Man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me. This anger ſhew'd thy folly; I ſhall love him more for that, than all that e'er he did before. But ſaid he nothing elſe?

Ab. Many uncertain things he ſaid: Though you mock't him, becauſe you were a Woman, he could wiſh to do you ſo much favour as to ſee you: yet he ſaid he knew you raſh, and was loath to offend you with the ſight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

La. What one was that?

Ab. I know not; but truly I do fear there is a Match a making up there; for I heard the Servants, as I paſt by, whiſper ſome ſuch a thing; and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in haſte, which they ſaid were for their Miſtreſs's Joynture.

La. 'Tis very like and fit it ſhould be ſo, for he does think, and reaſonably think that I ſhould keep him with my idle tricks, for ever e'er he be married.

Ab. At laſt he ſaid, it ſhould go hard but he would ſee you for your ſatisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd Women, know as well as Men, it were a far more noble thing to love where we are belov'd, and give reſpect there where we are reſpected; yet we practiſe a wilder courſe, and never bend our Eyes on Men with pleaſure, till they find the way to give us a neglect; then we, too late, perceive the Loſs of what we might have had, and dote till death.

Enter

Enter Martha.

Mar. Siſter yonder's your Servant with a Gentlewoman with him.

La. Where? *Mar.* Cloſe at the door

La. Ah! alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd.
What kind of Woman is ſhe?

Lar. A moſt ill-favoured one, with her Mask on.
And how her Face ſhould mend the reſt, I know not.

La. But yet her Mind was of a milder ſtuff than mine was.

Enter Elder Loveleſs. *and* Welford *in Womens Apparel.*

La. Now I ſee him, if my Heart ſwell not again, (away thou Womans Pride) ſo that I cannot ſpeak a gentle Word to him; let me not live.

El. Lo. By your leave here.

La. How now? what new tricks invites you hither?
Ha' you a fine device again?

El. Lo. Faith this is the fineſt device I have now:
How doſt thou Sweet-heart?

Wel. Why very well, ſo long as I may pleaſe
You my dear Lover; I nor can nor will
Be ill when you are well, or well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy ſweet temper! What would I have given that Lady had been like thee! ſeeſt thou her? that Face (my Love) join'd with thy humble Mind, had made a Wife indeed.

Wel. Alas my Love, what Heav'n hath done, I dare not think to mend: I uſe no Paint, nor any Drugs of Art, my Hands and Face will ſhew it.

La. Why what Thing have you brought to ſhew us there? do you take Money for it?

El. Lo. A thing not to be bought for Money; 'tis my Miſtreſs in whom there is no Paſſion, nor no Scorn; what I will, is her Law; pray you ſalute her.

La. Salute her! by this good light I would not kiſs her for half my Wealth.

El. Lo. Why? Why pray you?

You

You ſhall ſee me do't afore you. Look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a Beaſt would not have don't; I would not kiſs thee of a Month, to gain a Kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you ſhall not be troubled.

La. Why, was there ever ſuch a *Meg* as this?
Sure thou art Mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once when I lov'd Pictures; for what are ſhape and colour elſe but Pictures? in that tawney Hide there lies an endleſs Maſs of Virtues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is ſhe you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy.

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wiſh:
The like to you when ever you ſhall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle Spirit.

La. You thank me? I pray keep your breath nearer to you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much leſs a Lady of your worthy parts.

El. Lo. Sweet, ſweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by Nature be thus,
Thus ugly; ſure ſhe's ſome common Strumpet,
Deform'd with exerciſe of Sin.

Wel. O Sir, believe not this, for Heaven to comfort me, as I am free from foul pollution with any Man! my Honour ta'en away, I am no Woman. [*Kneels.*

El. Lo. Ariſe my deareſt Soul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her tender Heart will break with this reproach; fie, that you know no more civility to a weak Virgin. 'Tis no matter ſweet, let her ſay what ſhe will, thou art not worſe to me, and therefore not at all; be careleſs.

Wel. For all things elſe I would, but for mine Honour, methinks.

E. Lo. Alas thine Honour is not ſtain'd;
Is this the buſineſs that you ſent for me about?

Mar. Faith Sifter you are much to blame to uſe a Woman, whatſoe'er ſhe be, thus: I'll ſalute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El. Lo. Mild yet as the Dove, for all theſe Injuries. Come, we'll go? I love thee not ſo ill, as to keep thee here a jeſting ſtock.

A dieu to the World's end.

La. Why, whither now?

El. Lo. Nay, you ſhall never know, becauſe you ſhall never find me.

La. I pray let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. 'Tis very well, come.

La. I pray you let me ſpeak with you.

El. Lo. Yes for another Affront.

La. By Heaven I have no Affront; good Sir, a word.

El. Lo. Though you deſerve not ſo much at my Hands, yet if you be in ſuch earneſt, I'll ſpeak a word with you; but I beſeech you be brief; for in good faith there's a Parſon and a Licenſe ſtay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis Night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatſoever I have heretofore ſpoken jeſtingly, forget; for as I hope for mercy any where, what I ſhall utter now, is from my Heart, and as I mean.

El. Lo. Well, well, what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Miſtreſs, and you my Servant?

El. Lo. O 'tis about the old matter. [*Going*

La. Nay good Sir ſtay me out. I would but hear you excuſe your ſelf, why you ſhould take this Woman and leave me?

El. Lo. 'Prithee why not? deſerves ſhe not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you will look with an indifference upon us both.

El. Lo. Upon your Faces 'tis true; but if judicially we ſhall caſt our Eyes upon your Minds, you are a thouſand Women off her in worth; ſhe cannot ſwoun in jeſt, nor ſet her Love tasks to ſhew her Peeviſhneſs, and his Affection; nor croſs what he ſays, though it be canonical. She's a good plain Girl, that will do as I will have her, and bring me luſty Boys to throw the ſledge; and lift at pigs of lead; and for a Wife, ſhe's far beyond you: What can you do in a Houſhold to provide for your Iſſue, but lie a bed and get 'um? your buſineſs is to dreſs you, and at idle hours to eat; when ſhe can do a thouſand profitable things; ſhe can do pretty

well in the Paſtry, and knows how Pullen ſhould be cramb'd, ſhe cuts Cambrick at a thread, weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that ſhe were far beyond me in all reſpects, does that give you a Licenſe to forſwear your ſelf;

El. Lo. Forſwear my ſelf, How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable Oaths you have uttered, in diſclaiming all for Wives but me.

El. Lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of Oaths is ever underſtood. Admit I ſhould proteſt to ſuch a Friend, to ſee him at his Lodging to Morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were ſtruck Blind, or he hid himſelf where my diligent ſearch could not find him, ſo there was no croſs act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I meant to force you to Marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my ſelf, and then you are forſworn.

El. Lo. Some ſin I ſee indeed muſt neceſſarily fall upon me, as whoſoever deals with Women, ſhall never utterly avoid it; yet I would chuſe the leaſt ill; which is, to forſake you that have done me all the abuſes of malignant Woman, contemn'd my Service, and would have held me prating about Marriage, till I had been paſt getting of Children; rather than her that hath forſaken her Family, and put her tender Body in my Hand, upon my Word.

La. Which of us ſwore you firſt to?

El. Lo. Why to you?

La. Which Oath is to be kept then?

El. Lo. Prithee do not urge my Sins to me,
Without I could amend 'um.

La. Why, you may, by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that ſatisfie my word to her?

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no ſatisfactoin.
'Tis an Error fit for Repentance only.

El. Lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender-hearted Virgin ſo? It muſt not be.

La. Why may it not be?

El. Lo. I ſwear I had rather marry thee than her; but yet mine Honeſty.

La.

La. What Honeſty? 'Tis more preſerv'd this way.
Come, by this light Servant thou ſhalt, I'll kiſs thee on't.

El. Lo. This Kiſs indeed is ſweet, pray Heav'n no Sin lie under it.

La. There's no Sin at all, try but another.

Wel. O my Heart! [*Falls.*

Mar. Help Siſter, this Lady ſwouns.

El. Lo. How do you?

Wel. Why very well, if you be ſo; a moſt ungodly thing!

El. Lo. Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an Oath, when you delay'd me ſo, that this very Night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay ſuddenly, as late as it is, with your own Miniſter to your own Chappel, I'll wed you and to Bed.

La. A match, dear Servant.

El. Lo. For if you ſhould forſake me now, I care not; ſhe would not though for all her Injuries, ſuch is her Spirit; if I be not aſhamed to kiſs her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I ſee you go, as ſlily as you think to ſteal away, yet I will pray for you; all Bleſſings of the World light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All Curſes on me, if I do not ſpeak what I do wiſh indeed.

El. Lo. If I can ſpeak to purpoſe to her, I am a Villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Siſter, will you marry that inconſtant Man? Think you he will not caſt you off to morrow? To wrong a Lady thus, look'd ſhe like dirt, 'twas baſely done. May you ne'er proſper with him.

Wel. Now Heav'n forbid. Alas, I was unworthy, ſo I told him.

Mar. That was your Modeſty, too good for him:
I would not ſee your wedding for the World.

La. Chuſe, chuſe, come *Loveleſs.* [*Ex. La. and Eld. Lo.*

Mar. Dry up your Eyes forſooth, you ſhall not think we are all uncivil. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: No let me ſuffer; truly that I deſire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you ſhall ſtay all Night; your Bed ſhall be no worſe than mine, I wiſh I could do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks.
Heav'n grant I may but live to quit your Love. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveleſs *and* Savil.

Yo. Lo. Did your Maſter ſend for me, *Savil.*

Sav. Yes he did ſend for your Worſhip Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the Buſineſs?

Sa. Alas Sir, I know nothing, nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating;
My dancing days are done Sir.

Yo. Lo. Why what are you now then?

Sa. If you conſider me in little, I am, with your Worſhip's reverence Sir, a Raſcal; one that upon the next anger of your Brother, muſt raiſe a Sconce by the high-way, and ſell ſwitches: My Wife is learning now to weave Incle.

Yo. Lo. What do you mean to do with your Children, *Savil*?

Sav. My eldeſt Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born burſten, and your Worſhip knows, that's a pretty ſtep to Men's Compaſſions: My youngeſt Boy I purpoſe, Sir, to bind for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw drink under him, that he may ſhew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your Family is quartered with diſcretion; you are reſolved to cant then: Where *Savil* ſhall your Scene lie?

Sa. Beggars muſt be no Chuſers;
In every place (I take it) but the Stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and whoring, *Savil*?
I told you of it, but your Heart was hardned.

Sa. 'Tis true, you were the firſt that told me of it indeed, I do remember it in Tears; you told me you would have Whores, and and in that paſſion Sir, you broke out thus; Thou miſerable Man repent, and brew three ſtrikes more in a Hogſhead: 'Tis Noon e're we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no Man.

Yo. Lo. Y'are grown a bitter Gentleman. I ſee Miſery can clear your Head better than Muſtard. I'll be a Suitor for your Keys again Sir.

Sa. Will you but be ſo gracious to me Sir, I ſhall be bound.

Yo. Lo. You ſhall Sir, to your Bunch again, or I'll miſs foully.

Enter

Enter Morecraft.

Mor. Save you Gentleman, ſave you.

Yo. Lo. Now Polecat, what young Rabbets Neſt have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, Knight

Yo. Lo. Away Fox, or I'll ſend for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee company

Yo. Lo. I am about ſome buſineſs; Indentures,
If you follow me I'll beat you, take heed,
As I live I'll cancel your Coxcomb.

More. thou art couzen'd now, I am no Uſurer.
What poor Fellow's this?

Sa. I am poor indeed Sir.

More. Give him Money Knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor Fellow, there's an Angel for thee.

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earneſt *Morecraft*?

More. Yes faith Knight, i'll follow thy example; thou hadſt Land and thouſands thou ſpent'ſt and flung away, and yet it flows in double: I purchas'd, wrung and wire-draw'd for my Wealth, loſt and was couzen'd; for which I make a vow, to try all the ways above ground, but I'll find a conſtant means to Riches without Curſes.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your Converſion Mr. *Morecraft*
Y'are in a fair courſe, pray purſue it ſtill.

More. Come, we are all Gallants now, I'll keep thee company. Here honeſt Fellow, for this Gentleman's ſake, there's two Angels more for thee.

Sa. Heaven quit you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou perſevere?

More. Till I have a penny. I have brave Cloaths a making, and two Horſes; canſt thou help me to a match Knight? I'll lay a thouſand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is ſtranger than an *Africk* Monſter;
There will be no more talk of Wars
Whilſt this laſts; come, I'll put thee into Blood.

Sav. Would all his damn'd Tribe were as tender-hearted. I beſeech

ſeech you let this Gentleman join with you in the recovery of my Keys; I like his good beginning Sir, the whilſt I'll pray for both your Worſhips.

To Lo. He ſhall Sir.

More. Shall we go noble Knight? I would fain be acquainted.

To. Lo. I'll be your Servant Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Loveleſs *and Lady.*

El. Lo. Faith my ſweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your ſubtilties and fine devices; be coy again now.

La. Prithee ſweet-heart tell true.

El. Lo. By this light, by all the pleaſures I have had this Night, by your loſt Maidenhead, you are couzen'd meerly, I have caſt beyond your wit. That Gentleman is your Retainer, *Welford.*

La. It cannot be ſo.

El. Lo. Your Siſter has found it ſo, or I miſtake; mark how ſhe bluſhes when you ſee her next. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall not travel now; ha, ha, ha.

La. Prithee ſweet-heart, be quiet; thou haſt angred me at Heart.

El. Lo. I'll pleaſe you ſoon again.

La. Welford!

El. Lo. I *Welford*, he's a young handſome Fellow, well bred and landed; your Siſter can inſtruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.

La. Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus?

El. Lo. Yes i'faith. And over ſhall be fetcht again, never fear it.

La. I muſt be patient, though it torture me: You have got the Sun, Sir.

El. Lo. And the Moon too, in which I'll be the Man.

La. But had I known this, had I but ſurmiz'd it, you ſhould have hunted three trains more before you had come to'th courſe; you ſhould have hankt o'th Bridle Sir, i'faith.

El. Lo. I knew it, and min'd with you; and ſo blew you up. Now you may ſee the Gentlewoman: ſtand cloſe.

Enter

Enter Welford *and* Martha.

Mar. For God's ſake Sir, be private in this buſineſs. You have undone me elſe. O Heaven, what have I done?

Wel. No harm I warrant thee.

Mar. How ſhall I look upon my Friends again? with what face?

Wel. Why e'en with this; 'tis a good one, thou canſt not find a better; look upon all the Faces thou ſhalt ſee there, and you ſhall find 'um ſmooth ſtill, fair ſtill, ſweet ſtill, and to your thinking honeſt; thoſe have done as much as you have yet, or dare do, Miſtreſs, and yet they keep no ſtir.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your Womans cloaths on: If you be ſeen thus, I am loſt for ever.

Wel. I'll match you for that Miſtreſs, I am no Fool; here will I tarry till the Houſe be up, and witneſs with me.

Mar. Good dear Friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you pleaſe, elſe I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, and what I have done; if you can juggle me into my Womanhood again, and ſo cog me out of your company may all this World be forſworn, and I a gain an Aſinego, as your Siſter, left me. No, I'll have it known and publiſh'd, then if you'll be a Whore, forſake me and be aſhamed; and when you can hold out no longer, marry ſome caſt *Cleve* Captain, and ſell Bottle-Ale.

Mar. I dare not ſtay Sir, uſe me modeſtly, I am your Wife.

Wel. Go in, I'll make up all.

El. Lo. I'll be a witneſs of your naked truth Sir: This is the Gentlewoman, 'prithee look upon him, this is he that made me break my Faith, ſweet; but thank your Siſter, ſhe hath ſoder'd it.

La. What a dull Aſs was I, I could not ſee this *Welford* from a Wench; twenty to one if I had been but tender, like my Siſter, he had ſerv'd me ſuch a ſlippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. Lo. I would have watcht you, Sir, by your good patience, for ferretting in my ground.

La. You have been with my Siſter.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. Lo. An Heir into the World he means.

La.

La. There is no Chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaft theſe three hours, that's the leaſt, I am reaſonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt meat?

Wel. He that fares well and will not bleſs the Founders, is either ſurfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for mine own part, I have found ſo ſweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot ſpare it.

El. Lo. How like you this Diſh *Welford?* I made a Supper on't, and fed ſo heartily, I could not ſleep.

La. By this light, had I but ſcented out your train, ye had ſlept with a bare Pillow in your Arms, and kiſt that, or elſe the bed poſt, for any Wife you had gat this Twelve month yet: I would have vext you more than a tyr'd Poſt-horſe, and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at *Iriſh* was. Lord, that I were unmarried again.

El. Lo. Lady, I would not undertake ye, were you again a Haggard, for the beſt caſt of Ladies i'th' Kingdom; you were ever tickle-footed, and would not truſs round.

Wel. Is ſhe faſt?

El. Lo. She was all night lockt here Boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of loſing; take off her Cranes: You have a delicate Gentlewoman to your Siſter: Lord, what a pretty fury ſhe was in, when ſhe perceiv'd I was a Man; but I think I ſatisfied her ſcruple without the Parſon o'th Town.

El. Lo. What did ye?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what we did?

El. Lo. She has a ſhrewd gueſs at it, I ſee it by her.

La. Well you may mock us; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambreo*, had I but ſeen into you, you ſhould have had another Bed-fellow, fitter a great deal for your match.

Wel. I thank you Lady, methought it was well, you are ſo curious.

Enter Young Loveleſs, *his Lady*, Morecraft, Savill, *and two Serving-men*

El. Lo. Get on your Doublet; here comes my Brother.

Yo. Lo. Good morrow Brother, and all good to your Lady.

More.

More. God ſave you and good morrow to you all.

El. Lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor Brother of yours.

La. Fie how this ſhames me!

More. Prithee good Fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will Sir.

To. Lo. Brother, what makes you here? Will this Lady do? Will ſhe? is ſhe not netled ſtill?

El. Lo. No, I have cur'd her. Mr. *Welford*, pray know this Gentleman, he is my Brother.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall long to love him.

To. Lo. I ſhall not be your Debtor Sir. But how is't with you?

El. Lo. As well as may be, Man; I am married; your new acquaintance hath her Siſter, and all's well.

To. Lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Siſter, How do you find my Brother?

La. Almoſt as wild as you are.

To. Lo. He'll make the better Husband; you have try'd him?

La. Againſt my will Sir.

To. Lo. He'll make you well amends ſoon, do not doubt it;
But Sir, I muſt intreat you to be better known
To this unconverred *Jew* here.

Serv. Here's Beer for you Sir.

More. And here's for you an Angel.
Pray buy no Land, 'twill never proſper Sir.

El. Lo. How's this?

To. Lo. Bleſs you, and then I'll tell you; he's turned Gallant.

El. Lo. Gallant.

To. Lo. I, Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*.
The Reaſon i'll inform you at more leiſure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him preſently.

To. Lo. You ſhall hug one another.

More. Sir, I muſt keep you company.

El. Lo. And reaſon.

To. Lo. *Cutting Morecraft* face about, I muſt preſent another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for 'um.

Wel. Sir, I ſhall do you ſervice.

More. I ſhall look for't in good faith Sir.

El. Lo. Prithee good Sweet-heart kiſs him.

La. Who's that fellow?

Sa. Sir, will it pleaſe you to remember me? my Keys good Sir.

Yo. Lo. I'll do it preſently.

El. Lo. Come, thou ſhalt kiſs him for our ſports ſake.

La. Let him come on then; and do you hear, do not inſtruct me in theſe tricks, for you may repent it.

El. Lo. That at my peril. Luſty Mr. *Morceraft*, here's a Lady would ſalute you.

More. She ſhall not loſe her Longing Sir; What is ſhe?

El. Lo. My Wife Sir.

More. She muſt be then my Miſtreſs.

La. Muſt I Sir?

El. Lo. O yes, you muſt.

More. And you muſt wear this Ring, a poor Pawn, ſome fifty Pound.

El. Lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful Prize.

La. Sir, I ſhall call you Servant.

More. I ſhall be proud on't. What fellow's that?

Yo. Lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. There's ſomething (my Friend) for you to buy whips, And for you Sir, and you Sir.

El. Lo. Under a Miracle this is the ſtrangeſt I ever heard of.

More. What, ſhall we play, or drink? What ſhall we do? Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Wel. Stranger and ſtranger!
Sir you ſhall find ſport after a day or two.

Yo. Lo. Sir, I have a ſuit unto you;
Concerning your old Servant *Savill*

El. Lo. O for his Keys. I know it.

Sa. Now Sir, ſtrike in.

More. Sir, I muſt have you grant me.

El. Lo. 'Tis done Sir, take your Keys again;
But hark you *Savil*, leave off the motions
Of the fleſh, and be honeſt, or elſe you ſhall graze again:
I'll try you once more.

Sa. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggeſt Key i'th Bunch, and open
My Head with it Sir. I humbly thank your Worſhip.

El.

El. Lo. Nay then I ſee we muſt keep Holiday,
Here's the laſt couple in Hell.

Enter Roger *and* Abigal.

Ro. Joy be among you all.
La. How now Sir? what is the meaning of this Emblem?
Rog. Marriage an't like your Worſhip.
La. Are you married?
Ro. As faſt as the next Prieſt could do it, Madam.
El. Lo. I think the Sign's in *Gemini*, here's ſuch coupling.
Wel. Sir *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your Sweet-heart to night.
Ro. Not the beſt Benefice in your Worſhip's gift Sir.
Wel. A Whorſon, how he ſwells!
To. Lo. How many times to night, Sir *Roger*?
Ro. Sir, you grow ſcurrilous.
What I ſhall do, I ſhall do, I ſhall not need your help.
To. Lo. For Horſe-fleſh *Roger*?
El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.
La. It ſhall be ſo Sir: Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We ſhall intreat to be at our charge.
El. Lo. Welford, get you to the Church? by this light
You ſhall not lie with her again, till y'are married.
Wel. I am gone.
More. To every Bride I dedicate this day;
Six healths a piece, and it ſhall go hard,
But every one a Jewel: Come be mad Boys.
El. Lo. Th'art in a good beginning: Come who leads?
Sir *Roger*, you ſhall have the *Van*, and lead the way:
Would every dogged Wench had ſuch a day.

F I N I S.